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The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

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Section
One

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Six Professors Will Retire Next Month Under New Policy of Board of Trustees

Profs. Bibb, Earnest, French,
Hodgkins, Humphreys,
McNeil Affected

**WILL RECEIVE ANNUAL
COMPENSATION SALARY**

**65 Is Set as Retiring Age as
Far as Active Service
Is Concerned**

Six professors will be retired in June in accordance with the policy recently adopted by the Board of Trustees, it was announced by the president's office this week. Prof. Albert Burnley Bibb, Prof. John Paul Earnest, Prof. Owen Bert French, Prof. Harry Grant Hodgkins, Prof. William Jackson Humphreys, and Prof. Hiram Colver McNeil are the six affected by the ruling. The retirement program provides that members of the faculty who attain the age of 65 shall be relieved of active academic service, except that upon special recommendation of the President, the Board of Trustees may continue individuals in service to the age of 70.

The retiring professors will receive an annual compensation fixed by the Board of Trustees.

Prof. Bibb is the oldest of the group, having attained the age of 80 and having been instructing in the history of art and architecture since 1904.

Earnest Bar Authority
Professor Earnest received his bachelor of laws and master of laws degrees from George Washington in 1888 and 1890 respectively and has been on the law faculty since 1903. He is chairman of the Committee on Bar Examinations of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and is a member of Phi Delta Phi fraternity and Order of the Coif.

Dr. French, professor of civil engineering, was awarded the degree of bachelor of science and civil engineering by the Case School of Applied Science in 1888 and 1905 respectively. He has been professor of surveying at George Washington since 1920.

Professor Hodgkins, associate professor of mathematics, received his bachelor of arts degree from George Washington in 1890. He was registrar and librarian from 1890 to 1894, instructor in mathematics from 1894 to 1920, assistant professor of mathematics from 1920 to 1924 and associate

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Appointments Made To Editorial Posts

**Busick, Phelps, Newland, Mid-
dleman, Chittum, Liebler,
Dille Named**

Seven appointments to the sub-editorial board were made at a meeting of the Cherry Tree board of editors Thursday. Four assistant editors were also named.

The new posts were filled as follows: John Busick, sport editor; Catherine Phelps, stenographic editor; Paul Newland, fraternity editor; Elizabeth Middleman, sorority editor; Amanda Chittum, march of events editor; Margaret Liebler, senior class editor; Catherine Dille, activities editor.

Clara Critchfield will be in charge of debate; Robert Hankins, dramatics; and Barbara Wells, society, as assistant editors in the activities department. The publications editor, the fourth assistant in this department, and the assistant business manager have not yet been appointed.

Applications for these positions will be accepted during the summer and the places will be filled next fall, according to Virginia Hawkins, editor. The newly elected sub-editors will meet after examinations.

Hour Glass Honors Outstanding Woman

In keeping with movements recently initiated at George Washington, Hour Glass, honorary activities sorority, will present a cup to the most outstanding sophomore woman on the campus. The award will be made class night and will be based on activities. The scholarship requirement is 2.

This is the first time such an award has been made to an outstanding sophomore woman. It is hoped that it will incite lower class women to go out for activities. By the presentation of this cup, Hour Glass wants to recognize achievement of under-class women, as the class sorority itself bids only juniors.

Hispanic American Conference to Open; Wilgus Is Chairman

**Scholars and Faculty of Ten
Schools to Meet Here
Monday, June 3**

Ten outstanding authorities in political science, history, and diplomacy will come to George Washington this summer to preside at the University seminar on Hispanic-American affairs. Dr. A. Curtis Wilgus, associate professor of Hispanic-American history, is the director of the conference, which will open Monday, July 3.

This year the emphasis will be centralized on the Caribbean area, with particular attention to American diplomacy and to the history of Mexico, Central America, the West Indies, and northern South America. Recent developments in the Caribbean emphasize the importance of the study of relationships between the United States and her neighbors to the South.

The conference will meet two hours daily, from 9:40 to 11:30 a. m., five times a week for six weeks. Each lecture will be followed by informal discussion. The lecturers and their subjects are:

Dr. Wilgus, director of the conference: Introductory lecture, July 3.

Cuban Historian to Speak
Hermilio Portel Vila, of the University of Havana, author of several books on Cuban history: "Present-day Cuba," July 5.

Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, of Columbia University, executive secretary of the Conference on Cooperation in Latin America, lecturer at the University of Chile, the University of San Marcos, the University of Mexico, etc., and the author of a number of books on Hispanic America: "The Significance of the Caribbean," July 6; "Political Life in the Caribbean," July 7; and "Society in the Caribbean," July 8.

Professor Clarence F. Jones, of Clark

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Columbian Students May Get Diplomas

Diplomas or certificates of George Washington University will be issued upon request to all graduates of old Columbian University, if the Board of Trustees approves a recommendation made by the executive committee of the General Alumni Association.

All degrees conferred prior to 1904 were issued in the name of Columbian University. The present recommendation is to provide to graduates who so desire, certificates bearing the present name of the University.

No action on the alumni recommendation has been taken by the Board of Trustees, but the matter may be considered at the next meeting, it is announced.

Colonel E. B. Vedder, Pathologist, Named For University Medical School Faculty

**Appointment of Army Man Is
Announced by President
Marvin**

Appointment to the faculty of the School of Medicine of The George Washington University of Colonel Edward Bright Vedder, former director of the Army Medical School, is announced by President Marvin.

With the beginning of the academic year 1933-34 Colonel Vedder will become professor of experimental medicine and executive officer of the department of pathology and experimental medicine.

Colonel Vedder is an eminent pathologist and the author of numerous medical books and papers. The honorary degree of doctor of science was conferred upon him by the University of Rochester in recognition of his contributions to medical science.

After doing undergraduate work at the University of Rochester, Colonel Vedder studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1902 and the degree of Master of Arts in 1903. The following year he was graduated with honors from the Army Medical School.

He has served in the Army Corps since 1903 at various stations in the United States and foreign possessions. From 1910 to 1913 he was a member of the United States Army Board for

Juniors Honor "Dean" Wilbur



—Shaw Matthews.

**Tennis Matches and O. D. K.
Faculty Game Featured at
Class Field Day**

Favored with good weather, the combited "Dean" Wilbur Day and Junior Class Field Day came to a successful close late in the afternoon of Saturday, May 20, after having been postponed from the previous week because of rain.

Most of the scheduled athletic events were called off. Two exhibition tennis singles matches were held, however, one between Clyde Smith and Randy

Left to right—Kitty Blake, Provost Wilbur, Harriet Atwell, Anita Watson, and Betty Wordeman.

Robinson, the other between Max Farrington and Ray Sherkey. No scores were kept.

A moderate sized crowd watched Provost William Allen Wilbur throw the first ball in the Omicron Delta Kappa-Faculty baseball game, won by the latter, 8-7.

A number of news photographers were present to take pictures of crucial plays in the baseball game, and other events.

Delta Phi Epsilon Elects Watson, Hill

**Gonzalez, Notz Will Be Principal
Speakers at Foreign
Service Banquet**

At the final meeting of Eta Chapter of Delta Phi Epsilon, national foreign service fraternity, new officers for the year 1933-34 were elected and seven pledges of the fraternity were initiated. The new officers are: Quentin Watson, president; John L. Hill, vice president; Curry H. Smith, secretary; John Walstrom, treasurer; Earl C. Hackworth, librarian-historian, and Arthur Romhilt, sergeant-at-arms.

The seven pledges who were formally initiated are W. Dexter Fales, Horace Haddox, Frederick C. Joss, Wayne Y. Pond, Harry L. Smith, Frederick Stevenson, and Edward Williamson.

Will Hold Annual Banquet
His Excellency, Dr. Manuel Gonzalez, Charge D'affaires of the Costa Rican Legation, and Dr. Notz, dean of the Foreign Service School, Georgetown University, will be the principal speakers at the annual banquet of the fraternity, to be held at the Brookings Institute, Sunday evening, June 4. Howard Payne, the president of the chapter during the current year, was placed in charge of arrangements at the final business meeting of the fraternity held at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house, Monday evening, May 15.

Law Graduates Lay Plans For Dance

**Alumni to Assist in Event
Which Will Take Place
Thursday, June 1**

A reception and dance in honor of this year's law graduates will feature the annual meeting of the law alumni in Stockton Hall, Thursday evening, June 1. As an innovation the alumni have this year scheduled the annual meeting in the Law School rather than elsewhere in Washington, for the announced purpose of encouraging former students to return to the University.

President and Mrs. Marvin have accepted the invitation of the Law Association to assist in receiving the law graduates.

A business meeting, to which all of this year's graduates are invited, will precede the reception and dance. Announcement has been made that a proposal to change the name of the Columbian-George Washington Law School Association was presented to the meeting for decision. The suggested change is the elimination of the word "Columbian," the name of the University prior to the adoption in 1904 of the name "George Washington."

Miss Olive Geiger, chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements, announces that the Thursday evening reception and dance will be informal. Other members of the committee are Professor Charles S. Collier, Associate Professor William A. Hunter, and T. Elton Billings.

Marvin to Address Freshman Assembly

The attendance of all freshmen is required at an assembly of the freshman class Wednesday at 5:10 p. m., when Dr. Marvin will address the body, according to an official notice issued by Dean Doyle, of the Junior College, Saturday.

Dean Doyle stressed the fact that all freshmen must attend and stated that cuts will be excused for all conflicting classes. The address is the second in a series planned by Dr. Marvin. Last week the seniors met.

No Gardenias, Says Poo-Bah

Elmer Louis Kayser, Poo-Bah of Commencement, Field Marshall of the Academic Procession, and general first-aid to graduates, has announced that friends of the members of this year's graduating class must NOT say it with flowers.

Elmer positively will NOT receive or deliver any floral tributes which are sent to Constitution Hall—even if they are prepaid.

All flowers so delivered will be returned to florists—not even a gardenia for himself will be accepted, positively.

Marked Changes Evident In Commencement Plans; Baccalaureate at Cathedral

**Class Night Exercises to Feature
Presentation of
Senior Mantle**

**SNYDER AND GROSSMAN
TO DELIVER ADDRESSES**

**O. D. K. Tap Ceremony Will
Also Be Feature of
Program**

James Snyder is to be the valedictorian of the senior class at the class night exercises to be held in the Yard Tuesday night, June 6, at 8 p. m. The salutary address will be delivered by Pauline Grossman who attained the highest grades in the Columbian College.

The traditional presentation of a mantle by the president of the senior class to the president of the junior class will be made by Jack Goode to Joseph Danzansky. Another feature of the program will be the O. D. K. tap ceremony and the presentation of awards.

Over 30 awards are to be presented at this time. The Davis prizes are awarded annually to those members of the senior class who have made the most progress in public speaking. There are three prizes in gold; the first \$15, second \$10, and the third \$5. Other prizes are the Delta Tau Delta award of a gold medal to the member of the senior class who has done the most in furthering University activities, and the Pi Beta Phi prize of \$20 in gold to the woman member of the senior class who has done the best work in encouraging student activities among the women of the University. Prizes for the best work done in a number of fields and essay contests are to be made. For the first time, Hour Glass, honorary activities sorority, will present a cup to the most outstanding sophomore woman.

The Glee Clubs will sing a group of songs from their recent spring concert. Members of the junior class are to be ushers.

Following the exercises, there will be dancing in Corcoran 10.

Sphinx Society Bids Outstanding Women

**Lauder, Whitney, and Zwillinger
Initiated Into Honorary
Senior Group**

Sphinx Honor Society announces the bidding of Dorothy Lauder, Gladys Whitney, and Hilda Zwillinger. The initiation took place in the Phi Delta rooms yesterday.

Dorothy Lauder, who has a point index of 3.56, is a member of the Women's Education Club, the Episcopal Club, and was formerly a Hatchet reporter.

Gladys Whitney is a member of the Newman Club and also a reporter on The Hatchet. Her average is 3.68. Hilda Zwillinger has a point index of 3.68. All three women are members of Alpha Lambda Delta.

Sphinx is an honorary senior sorority with its membership limited to seven women. Eligibility is based on character, leadership and scholarship of at least twenty-five per cent above passing.

**Marvin to Deliver Graduation
Address for Nurses' Class**

President Marvin will deliver the Commencement address at the graduation exercises of the Emergency Hospital and Central Dispensary School of Nursing. Forty-three student nurses will receive their diplomas, the largest class in the history of the hospital.

**Rev. James E. Freeman,
Bishop of Washington, to
Receive Honorary Degree**

**WILL DELIVER SUNDAY
BACCALAUREATE SERMON**

**Public Distribution of Diplo-
mas Also New Plan—Alumni
Play Prominent Part**

For the first time in the history of the University the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law will be awarded, when this degree is conferred upon the Right Reverend James E. Freeman,

Official Senior Instructions

At the Baccalaureate Sermon—
Members of the graduating classes will form in academic procession in the South Crypt of the Washington Cathedral, at Mount St. Albans, at 7:15 p. m., on Sunday, June 4. Caps and gowns will be available at the Cathedral at 6:30 p. m. Trustees, faculty members, and graduates will enter through the Curator's office.

At Class Night—
Members of the graduating classes will form in academic costume in Room 10, Stockton Hall, Tuesday, June 6, at 7:30 p. m.

At Commencement—
Members of the graduating classes will assemble at Constitution Hall on Wednesday, June 7, at 7:00 p. m. in caps and gowns. The academic procession will be formed along the O street lobby at points indicated by the names of the colleges. Graduates who do not obtain caps and gowns at the Baccalaureate Sermon may secure them in the basement of Constitution Hall, Wednesday, June 7, at 6:30 p. m.

D. D., Bishop of Washington, at the June Convocation of the University. No other honorary degrees will be conferred at this Convocation.

The citation on which Bishop Freeman will receive his honorary degree will stress his life and work as interpretations of spiritual manifestations in civil relationships and as exemplars of the highest manners in which the church may elevate the civil life of the community.

The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul at Mount St. Albans will this year be for the first time the scene of a part of the Commencement exercises. Bishop Freeman will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating classes and friends in the Great Choir of the Cathedral on Sunday, June 4, at 8 p. m. The graduates will receive their degrees in Constitution Hall, 18th and D

(Continued on Page 2)

Summer Registration Announced by Nessell

**Students Taking Conferences
in Education and Govern-
ment Should Register Now**

Pre-registration for the 1933 summer sessions of George Washington University, which opened yesterday, will continue through Wednesday, May 31, it is announced by Fred E. Nessell, registrar.

During this period students now in attendance at the University may plan their summer school programs with the assistance of advisers and deans, and may execute the necessary registration forms. Those who do not register during this period must await the regular registration day, Saturday, June 10.

Dr. Robert Whitney Bolwell, dean of the summer sessions, emphasizes that students wishing to enter the special conferences in education and government which are to be offered should not fail to take advantage of pre-registration, as enrollment in these courses will be limited.

Commencement Program

Thursday, June 1.
Law alumni reunion and business meeting, Stockton Hall, 8:30 p. m.
Informal reception and dance by Law alumni for Law graduates, Stockton Hall, 9:30 p. m.
Saturday, June 3.
General Alumni Association meeting, Chinese room, Mayflower Hotel, 8 p. m.
Reception and dance by General Alumni Association for graduates, ballroom, Mayflower Hotel, 9:30 p. m.
Sunday, June 4.
Baccalaureate sermon, Washington Cathedral, 8 p. m.
Monday, June 5.
Reception by the President and Mrs. Marvin for graduates and their parents, Washington Club, 4 to 7 p. m.
Order of the Coif dinner, Racquet Club, 7:30 p. m.
Tuesday, June 6.
Class night exercises, Yard, 8 p. m. (In case of inclement weather exercises will be held in Corcoran Hall, Room 10.)
Wednesday, June 7.
Commencement, Constitution Hall, 8 p. m.

The University Hatchet

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Editor: JOHN T. MADIGAN
Business Manager: LESTER M. GATES

Associate Editors: SAMUEL B. DETWILER, JR. CATHERINE PRICHARD
WALTER RHINEHART

Senior Staff Members: Harriet Atwell, Rhoda Bloom, John Busick, Ludwig Caminita, Betty Coon, James Haley, Eleanor Heller, Robert Herzog, Margaret Liebler, Everett Woodward, Moulton Balch, cartoonist.

Business Assistants: JACK HAZARD WILBURN WEST
Circulation Manager: ROGER MARQUIS

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GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS
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Graduate Manager: Henry W. Herzog

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1933.

WE TALK IT OVER WITH A SENIOR

So long, Senior!

Just a little more than a week, and you'll have that diploma you've been after these four, five, or six years. We'll be minus a good friend's companionship. You'll be off to make your way.

Has it been worth the cost? What advantage has that college education brought you? The key to success? Material success? Well, maybe.

But a man who never saw a college has attained that kind of success. Many a college graduate has been left by the wayside. Material success wasn't the chief objective of your years of college training.

This training has given you a cultural background. It has broadened your viewpoint on life, and made you better able to understand and sympathize with your own and the other fellow's problems and to estimate their worth. It has prepared you for the search for the only real, though always elusive, form of success—happiness.

Remember that, Senior. And now, wherever you're bound, get going! Keep your shoulders back, keep your head up; keep cheerful. So long!

THE JOURNALISM SCHOOL DEMAND HAS A PREDECESSOR.

This week in a letter to the editor which appears on this page, another student raises the old question of a George Washington journalism school. This time the demand comes from an enthusiast who is not a member of The Hatchet staff.

The letter points out in limited way the need of such a school and the prestige The George Washington University may gain by founding one. It delves in the history of other journalism schools and brings up the point of financing.

This is where the letter comes to the point. Administration policy in regard to a journalism school holds that no school should be founded until such time as a complete full-time staff can be employed.

As the University's forward moves are planned step by step, the administration officers should not overlook the possibilities of this earnest suggestion. Just as the School of Government has proved so successful, so will a School of Journalism. The similarity between the two situations is striking. The same advantages of location in the Nation's Capital will make for the success of the School of Journalism as did the School of Government.

THE SOCIAL CALENDAR IS NOT APPRECIATED.

Of all the things undertaken by the Student Council, the regulation of the Social Calendar has been by far the most important and far reaching. It has been run to the satisfaction of most of the students most of the time, but periodically a storm of protest is raised against the alleged autocracy of the Council in dictation to social organizations when they can and can not entertain themselves.

The question of granting a closed date to an organization for a scrip dance which would naturally suffer a loss from competition is not controversial. But the idea of granting a special privilege to one organization by which they prevent any other organization from entertaining themselves is full of fireworks. Most of the organizations can see no reason why they can not have a dance even though another organization is having one. They are for throwing it over. They feel the regulation is unjust and unwise.

If the social calendar exists for the benefit of organizations, which the Student Council claims to be the case, then the organizations are taking the wrong attitude toward it. Some method should be found to determine whether or not organizations are going to be so foolish and so stubborn as to resist this regulation, which they have actually asked for.

The Student Council actually gains nothing by this regulation. If they are to be opposed by the very ones whom they are trying to benefit it would be better that they gave up the calendar regulation entirely.

JUST BETWEEN US

By LUDWIG CAMINITA

A GROUP OF STUDENTS met with Professor Courtland Darke Baker last Friday night at an inexpensive, informal dinner held in a private room of one of the nearby cafeterias. "Rubbing elbows" with the amiable professor, during the course of the dinner, removed that hesitancy in conversation which usually crops up when student and professor meet.

Conversation ranged from a discussion of the American University student's attitude toward abstract problems as compared to that of the European student, down to personal anecdotes about the depression.

This is the beginning, we hope, of a closer contact between the faculty and students. "I'm sure that the faculty will welcome the opportunity to meet with students in this way," said Professor Baker. "We are always happy to get the student's view-point on various subjects; it is difficult to know the student very well merely through classroom association."

If the students present were representative of the student body, and I believe they were, I can safely say that we, too, hope these weekly meetings with faculty members will continue. Let's have more of them.

WITH EXAMINATIONS here, a word of advice.

Everyone will advise you (as I am now) as to the best methods to attain the "proper composure when entering the examination room." Some say: "Don't study, if you don't know it now, you never will." Others: "Cram, that's the best way." The movies, golf, coffee, a date, bull-sessions, all enter as candidates for the best method.

My advice is: Prepare in the way you find best suited to your temperament. Some can cram, others can't; some find golf soothing, others a decided handicap. Work out your own method, and the best of luck to you.

A SPECIAL CURRICULA is offered by the University for the summer of 1933. This in itself is not unusual, I agree. But when one notes that this summer the University will sponsor four conferences of national and inter-national importance, then one must admit that it is unusual enough to talk about. Two of the four conferences are worthy of special consideration. First there is the conference of Hispanic American relations. To this have been invited specialists from all parts of the United States as well as representatives of the South American countries.

So important was this conference last year, also sponsored by George Washington, that the Christian Monitor covered it daily, the New York Times gave many columns to it, and the New York Herald devoted editorial space to praise it. When three such journals, as well as others throughout the United States, consider the conference so important, we students should feel especially fortunate in being offered the opportunity to attend the conference lectures.

Not content with providing an internationally important conference as part of its summer school curricula, the administration has gone still further with "Conference on Educational Relations to Socio-Economic Problems." The latter will include among its speakers world famous authorities in the fields of labor, farming, law, journalism, economics, and business. So imposing is the list of speakers that one feels awed.

There has been much demand among the more intelligent students for more intellectual activities on campus: Activities that were not in the ordinary college curriculum. Well, here they are: More than this no student can ask, because there is no more to be offered by ANY University. I hope you take advantage of these conferences.

THOUGH THIS COLUMN is not dedicated to the field of sports, I cannot refrain from commenting on the unsportsmanlike attitude of two members of the tennis team who, I have been told, refuse to accept challenges from their team-mates for their numbers one and two positions. An important object of University training is the cultivation of good taste. One qualification essential to good education and good taste is sportsmanship. Certainly these boys have not shown it on the tennis courts in refusing to accept challenges for their positions. They show that they have not absorbed the very things this University is attempting to teach us.

The surprising thing to me is that such an attitude among two members of the varsity team should even be tolerated. It certainly is not the characteristic attitude of George Washington University teams, and I hope that effective measures will be taken to halt such embarrassing situations: Embarrassing to members of the tennis team who are attempting to follow the traditional play-fair spirit of tennis.

WITH THIS AS the last regular issue of The Hatchet for the semester, our minds turn to other fields than school work, unless we are attending summer school. Again, the usual wish is: Happy vacation to you. I do wish you a splendid time during the summer months but at the same time I sincerely hope that the newly elected officers of campus organizations will not wait until next fall to prepare their club program. Spend some time on it during the summer. Do something bigger and better next year. You will have approximately three months during which you can map out a program that will not only benefit your group but will be helpful to the University at large.

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

It pays to advertise! A Carnegie Tech student who had been struggling with a calculus problem all evening, finally, in despair, broadcast his troubles over the radio. The answer was sent by short wave length from the University of Texas.

A course in brewing is suggested as one of the requisites of the course in engineering at Purdue. After completion of the regular four-year course, the student will take a fifth year at one of the brewing colleges before he gets his degree.

It's not the women who pay at the University of Vermont. The gas company there complains that it hasn't made a nickel on any of the sorority houses in years, because of dishonest meter-readers.

When in doubt, hesitate, it may be a professor. Hazing was abolished at Lincoln Memorial University when someone accidentally hazed a professor, while an over-enthusiastic freshman at Asbury College slapped lustily on the back of what he thought was a classmate, only to find that it was the president, who accepted the freshman's cordial invitation to see him sometime, with an appointment for the next day at his office.

Receiving a theme which was copied word for word from the preface of a text, a professor at Cornell announced in class that he would see the offender after class. Entering his office, he found five students waiting for him.

A new version of the gold-piece story is told by the "Crimson White." The old man brought in the \$5 gold piece which he had been given when a child, and offered it tearfully to the bank clerk. But when the clerk had flipped it out on the counter, he unexpectedly handed it back. "I'm sorry," he said, "it's counterfeit."

Middlebury College, Vermont, has opened a course in love-making, demonstrations to be given by the seniors. Faculty members, as well as lower class men, have enrolled for the course.

WILGUS WILL DIRECT HISPANIC AMERICAN SUMMER CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 1)
University, author of several treatises on Hispanic American economic life: "Economic Conditions of the Caribbean," July 8 and 10.

Professor Leland Hamilton Jenks, of Wellesley College, author of several books on Cuba: "The Modern West Indies," July 12 and 13.

Roscoe R. Hill, of the Nicaraguan Claims Commission, formerly regional economist for Latin America in the office of the foreign trade adviser of the Department of State, director for Spain of the European Mission of the Library of Congress, 1928-30, and a writer on Latin American subjects: "Modern Central America," July 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21.

Professor Wilford H. Calcott, of the University of South Carolina, author of books on Mexico and the chief authority on relations between church and state: "Modern Mexico," July 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

Duke Lecturer on Program
Professor J. Fred Rippey, of Duke University, lecturer at the National University of Mexico in 1929 and associate managing editor of the Hispanic American Historical Review since 1926: "Modern Colombia," July 31 and August 1.

Professor William W. Pierson, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, formerly research associate in Venezuela of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and a member of the board of editors of the Hispanic American Historical Review: "Modern Venezuela," August 2.

E. Gil Borges, assistant director of the Pan-American Union, an internationally known authority on Hispanic American law and jurisprudence: "Modern Venezuela," August 3.

Chester Lloyd Jones, director of the School of Commerce of the University of Wisconsin, director of the Bureau of Foreign Agents of the War Trade Board 1919-19, former commercial attaché at the American Embassy in Madrid and the American Legation in Havana, adviser to the Pan-American Conference at Havana in 1928, special representative of the Department of Commerce in Mexico 1928, and author of numerous treatises: "The United States and the Caribbean," August 4, 7, 8, 9 and 10.

COMMENCEMENT PLAN CHANGES; CATHEDRAL PICKED FOR SERMON

(Continued from page 1)
streets northwest, on Wednesday, June 7, at 8 p. m. The customary address to the graduating classes will be omitted this year.

The charge to the graduates will be delivered by President Marvin.

Three receptions in honor of the new alumni will be held during the Commencement period. An informal reception and dance in honor of the law graduates will be given by the Law Alumni in Stockton Hall, Thursday evening, June 1. The General Alumni Association will entertain all graduates at a reception and dance at the Mayflower Hotel, on Saturday evening, June 3.

President and Mrs. Marvin will hold a reception for the graduates and their families at the Washington Club, 1701 K street northwest, on Monday, June 5, from 4 to 7 p. m.

Class night exercises will be held in the Yard on Tuesday, June 6, at 8 p. m. In case of inclement weather they will be in Room 10, Corcoran Hall.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Journalism School Urged By Student

To the Editor:

The liberality at The George Washington University is already a marked feature. The curriculum caters to students of varied interests; and there are no warp-sided elements of religious and political prejudices. But there is still a gap.

The University should have a department of journalism. Such would complete a well-rounded curriculum, strike a pace kept by other universities of the same standing, enhance selectivity, and appeal to many students interested in journalism.

There is a demand for this training in Washington. No other liberal arts university in the District offers journalism; yet the District is swamped with newspaper aspirants. There are forty universities over the United States offering journalism. Only two of them have a greater enrollment than G. W., and one of them is in a more advantageous field.

Rutgers University started a journalism department eight years ago with only nineteen students and an appropriation of \$2,000. Today there are over 100 students taking the journalism offered at Rutgers.

Apparently G. W. is in a much better field and should attract twice as many journalistic students. Two hundred would bring in fees no less than \$10,000; and instructors would cost no more than half that amount. The department would thrive.

It would also magnify and purify the interior of the University. The G. W. publications offer a practical field for the students. Together they would create a harmonious scheme of publicity. The spirit of journalism would carry the spirit of G. W. over the world.

Several newspaper aspirants are looking to G. W. for newspaper training. Will they find it? Or will they have to look elsewhere?

A FUTURE STUDENT OF JOURNALISM.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 23
W. A. A. Board, 12 noon, Building R, second floor. Special meeting.

Wednesday, May 24
Freshman assembly, 5:10 p. m., W-10. Speaker, President Marvin. Attendance required.

Physics Colloquium, 8:10 p. m., J-14. Speaker, Dr. W. L. Cheney. Subject, "Magnetic Phenomena of the Atom." Freshman women's assembly, 12 noon, W-10. Miss Jenny Turnbull will speak on "Physical Education as a Vocation."

PROFESSORS RETIRED UNDER NEW POLICY OF TRUSTEES' BOARD

(Continued from page 1)
professor since that time.

Here Since 1911
Dr. Humphreys is a professional lecturer on meteorological physics. Washington and Lee University conferred upon Dr. Humphreys the degrees of Bachelor of Arts in 1886 and Civil Engineering in 1888. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was awarded him by Johns Hopkins University in 1897. He has been a member of the faculty since 1911 and until 1931 was professor of meteorological physics.

Dr. McNeill, professor of chemistry, was assistant professor of chemistry from 1910 to 1918. He received his Bachelor of Science and Master of Science degrees from Denison University in 1896 and 1901 respectively. George Washington University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1905.

Davis Elected Director Of Science Service Paper

The election of Watson Davis, graduate of The George Washington University School of Engineering to the directorship of Science Service, was announced on Saturday.

Since 1923 Mr. Davis, who holds the degrees of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering and Civil Engineering from the University, has been managing editor of Science Service, the institution for the popularization of science.

Endowment Pledges Asked of Seniors

Committees Formed to Present Aims of Fund to Graduating Class

Seniors who are to receive their degrees in June are being asked by their class officers to make pledges to the Graduate Endowment Fund. Under the leadership of Jack Goode, senior president, committees are being formed to present personally to each graduate the aims of the Graduate Endowment Fund.

There are some 500 members in the June graduating class. If every member of the class signs a pledge, it is pointed out, the sum of \$50,000 will be added to the fund, making a total of \$77,175 pledged. Graduating classes numbering each year 500 or more graduates, should swell the fund yearly by a total sufficiently large to enable the undertaking of some project of great benefit to the University and its students, within a short time. A student union building, an athletic field, a library building, are some of the projects which have been suggested should be undertaken by the fund when it has reached sufficient proportions.

It is felt the financial obligation incurred in signing a pledge is not burdensome. The first payment of \$10 is not due until one year after graduation, and the remainder of the pledge of \$100 is payable in nine yearly installments of \$10 each.

The fund is controlled entirely by its contributors. Each year one contributor of the senior class is elected to the board of administrators by the contributors of that class.

The principle of alumni financial support, it is pointed out, supplies for the alumnus a channel for the expression of pride in and desire to promote his alma mater.

Pledge cards are available at the Alumni Office in Building M.



DEAR
MISS

BEAUTIFUL

When you have a date or even when you are going out with girl friends for lunch or dinner, isn't it nicer to eat where you are served by a waitress?

A number of G. W. students have told us: "IT MOST CERTAINLY IS!"

A suggestion on your part will do the trick—and each of you will "most certainly" be pleased!

No Tipping

LUNCH, 25c
DINNER, 35c, 40c, 45c
SANDWICHES, 10c

Colonial COFFEE SHOP

Cor. 20th and Pa. Ave.
Managed by G. W. Students



For Thirst

For Health

Drink

QUIGLEY'S

Fresh Fruit

ADE

10 CENTS

Quigley's

FOUNTAIN

You Are Always Welcome



NEW HOME OF
STRAYER COLLEGE

Over 150 Colleges and Universities were represented at Strayer College during 1932 in an annual enrollment of 1400 students.

COLLEGE-GRADE courses offered to high school graduates and college students in Secretarial Science, C.P.A. Accounting and Business Administration.

Strayer College of Accountancy has been licensed by the District Board of Education to confer the B.C.S. and M.C.S. degrees and is under the direction of C. Vaughan Durby, Secretary of the Board of Accountancy for the District of Columbia.

Placement Service is maintained to assist graduates of the college in obtaining responsible business positions.

STRAYER
COLLEGE

HOMER BUILDING
F Street at Thirteenth
NATIONAL 1748

SOCIETY

Flurry of Social Functions To Herald Coming Examinations

Numerous Dances and Parties Planned for Period Following Exams

The "Dean Wilbur Day" program, after its week's postponement, came across a bit of fine weather, and turned out to be the success its sponsors hoped for. Organizations have been electing officers with vim and vigor. This week come tea parties and dances. And then—and then—exams!

Zeta Tau Alpha held its spring formal at Kenwood Friday night, May 19. The Troubadour Trio and Phil Hayden and his dancers furnished entertainment, while Rodney Hart's Vikings paused for a brief rest.

The Alumni Association of Sigma Alpha Epsilon entertained at a banquet and dance at the Army and Navy Country Club Thursday night, May 18. Secretary of Commerce Roper and Senator Bankhead were the speakers at the banquet.

Phi Delta held its spring formal at the Hamilton Hotel Thursday night, May 18. The Collegiate from Howard University provided lively music for the occasion.

Alpha Delta Pi will hold its annual spring formal Friday, June 2, at the Officers' Club of the Army War College.

Phi Sigma Kappa is giving its annual graduation banquet and dance Saturday night, June 3, at the Columbia Country Club.

Chi Omega will give its spring formal Monday, June 5, at Kenwood Golf and Country Club.

Kappa Delta will entertain its graduating members at a formal dance June 5, at the chapter house.

Phi Pi Epsilon, women's foreign service sorority, entertained at tea Sunday, May 21, in honor of members of Delta Phi Epsilon, men's foreign service fraternity, at Prof. and Mrs. John Donaldson's apartment.

The pledges of Zeta Tau Alpha entertained the past and present presidents and vice presidents at luncheon at the Madrilon Thursday afternoon. The retiring pledge mistress, Kitty Phelps, was presented with a ring.

Social Fraternities Announce Pledging

Alpha Delta Pi announces the formal pledging of Anna Claire Koons Monday, May 22.

The staff of the Physical Education Department for Women entertained the major students at supper at Toll Gate Tavern, Sunday, May 21.

The Minerva Club of Sigma Alpha Epsilon held election of officers at its

AUTHORIZED EVENTS

The following social functions have been authorized for the coming fortnight by the calendar committee of the Student Council:

Sunday, May 28
Mrs. Buchanan's tea for Delta Zeta.
Friday, June 2
Pi Beta Phi dance, Indian Springs.
Sunday, June 4
Phi Delta Gamma tea.
Monday, June 5
Chi Omega dance, Kenwood.
Tuesday, June 6
Class Night.
Wednesday, June 7
Commencement.
Friday, June 9
Phi Sigma Kappa dance.

meeting at the fraternity house Monday night, May 22.

Alpha Lambda Delta gave a benefit bridge Wednesday evening, May 17, at the Delta Zeta rooms.

The Mothers' Club of Sigma Kappa will hold a meeting and election of officers Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Remon.

Delta Zeta held a benefit bridge party Saturday, May 20, at the home of Carolyn Becker.

Organizations and Clubs Elect Officers for Next Year.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon announces the election of the following officers for the coming year: William Given, president; Harold Free, vice president; Al Merrill, treasurer; Lawrence Bonner, recording secretary; Fred Joss, corresponding secretary; and Frank Bastable, delegate to Interfraternity Council.

Mary Cox was elected president of the Drama Appreciation Club at its final meeting, held Wednesday, May 17. The other officers chosen were Carrie Fulton, vice president, and Alma Gemeny, secretary. Harry Humphrey is stage and publicity manager, and Frances Hand, Hatchet reporter.

At a meeting held Monday evening, May 16, in Lambie House, the Colonial Campus Club elected the following officers: Margaret Elms, president; Beatrice Spasoff, vice president; Erlene Duncan, corresponding secretary; Eunice Swick, recording secretary, and Mary Elizabeth Pierce, treasurer.

The following officers have been selected to lead the Mortar and Pestle Society, honorary pharmacy fraternity, for the coming year: Lewis Lamb, president; George Emmart, vice president; Salvatore Latona, treasurer; Philip Rubin, social secretary; and Royace Franzoni, secretary.

The new officers of the Home Economics Club are as follows: Beatrice Oxenburgh, president; Bessie Buchanan, vice president; Mary Richter, secretary; Judith Birge, treasurer; and Henrietta Hobson, historian. They were installed at the club's final meeting of the year, held on May 17.

Sigma Delta Phi, honorary speech arts fraternity, announces the election of the following as its officers for the coming year: Amanda Chittum, president; Ruth Molyneux, vice president; Margaret Gilligan, secretary; and Adele Gusack, treasurer. Esther Talley and Charlotte Dubin were initiated Wednesday, May 17; also, Miss Sybil Baker was initiated as an honorary member.

The Swisher Historical Society held its annual banquet May 20 at the Kennedy-Warren. Miss Churchill, the retiring president, served as toastmistress. The following were installed as officers for the coming year: Henry Smalley, president; Letha Scott, vice president; Clifford Stearns, treasurer; Elizabeth Churchill, corresponding secretary; Mary Zemantowski, recording secretary; and Edward Healy, publicity secretary.

Tau Chapter of Sigma Gamma Epsilon, international geologic and mining fraternity, held its annual spring banquet Wednesday evening, May 17. Prominent among the speakers were Dr. W. H. Twenhofel, one of the founders and a past grand master of the organization.

Students and faculty of the graduate school will be honor guests of Phi Delta Gamma, national professional sorority, Sunday afternoon, June 4, at a garden party at 2024 G street. Everyone connected with the graduate school is urged to attend.

The Women's Intramural Board entertained all participants in intramurals at luncheon, Monday, May 22, at the Tally-Ho.

The Mothers' Club of Chi Omega had its last luncheon of the year Tuesday, May 16. Mrs. Alfred J. Maxwell, past president and founder of the club, was presented with gifts from the mothers and from the active chapter.

Mrs. Frederick M. Feiler was elected president for the coming year.

Zeta Tau Alpha held a house party the past week-end at Tall Timbers, Md.

The alumnae chapter of Alpha Delta Pi will entertain the active chapter and pledges at a picnic and swimming

Tennis Horseshoe Winner's Named

Kappa Delta Wins Tennis Finals. Sigma Kappa Score in Horseshoe

Kappa Delta nosed out Sigma Kappa in a hotly contested match to win the tennis tournament sponsored by the Intramural Board. The scores in the finals were 6-2, 4-6, 8-6, in favor of Kappa Delta. Alpha Delta Theta was runner-up, having been defeated by Kappa Delta 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, in the semifinals.

In the horseshoe tournament finals played on Saturday, May 20, Sigma Kappa defeated Alpha Delta Pi by a ringer, making the score in games 2-1 in favor of Sigma Kappa. Phi Delta was runner-up in this tournament, having been defeated by Sigma Kappa, 2-0.

Home Economics Club Elects Beatrice Oxenburgh President

Beatrice Oxenburgh, a junior in the department of home economics, was elected president of the Home Economics Club for next year, at the regular meeting of that organization, held on last Wednesday evening. Bessie Buchanan was selected as vice president; Mary Richter, secretary; Judith Birge, treasurer; and Henrietta Hobson, historian.

In appreciation of her work for the club during the past year, the members presented Mrs. Mary Spangler, the retiring president, with a sterling silver dish. Catherine Eckert, who has served in the capacity of vice president during the year, made the presentation speech. Plans were discussed for a tea to be given in the garden of the home economics building by members of the organization in honor of the department graduates. May 28 was the date chosen and further plans will be formulated by the new officers to be installed at a special meeting tomorrow evening.

Marguerite Thomas Elected Women's Rifle Manager

Marguerite Thomas was elected manager of women's rifle for next year at a meeting of the Women's Athletic Association last Tuesday, May 9.

Miss Thomas has been assistant manager of the George Washington team for three years in addition to holding the position of class manager for one season. Her practical experience has won her a place on the squad for two years as well as a position on the varsity team during the past season.

party at the home of Grace Hurd at Sherwood Forest on June 10.

Personals.
Kappa Delta announces the engagement of Louise Stokes to Jack Skelly, Phi Gamma Delta and Phi Chi. The wedding will take place Thursday, June 8, at the Kappa Delta house.

Alpha Delta Theta announces the engagement of Beatrice Hoffman to Donald Sylvester.

Zeta Tau Alpha announces the engagement of Marion Campbell to Mr. M. R. Close, of Waynesboro, Pa.

Phi Mu announces the engagement of Louise Hickman to Lieut. Noel S. Bishop, U. S. A. Engineer Corps.

Phi Mu announces the engagement of Amalie Walker to Gustav Burmeister. The wedding will take place June 17.

Elizabeth Sherier entertained the members of the Speakers' Congress at a buffet supper, Sunday, May 14, at her home in Alexandria.

Martha Myers spent the week-end of May 13 at Williamsburg.

Phi Mu had Kitty Blake, Betty Chamblin, and Louise Jaquette as its guests at dinner Monday night.

The Friars announce the election last week of the following officers for the coming year: J. Franklin Leverton, president; Jack Kearful, vice president; Paul Finnegan, treasurer; Francis P. Scott, recording secretary; Norbert J. Hipp, corresponding secretary, and Thomas E. Jones, inside guard.

At a recent meeting held at the chapter house, Phi Delta Epsilon medical fraternity elected the following officers for the coming year: R. L. Kilstein, president; Jack Kearful, vice president; Paul Finnegan, treasurer; Francis P. Scott, recording secretary; Norbert J. Hipp, corresponding secretary, and Thomas E. Jones, inside guard.

Pi Beta Phi elected its officers for the coming year at its last meeting. The following were chosen: Jean Kirkwood, president; Monta Ruediger, vice president; Betty Rose, recording secretary; Helen Nutter, corresponding secretary; Kitty Prichard, treasurer, and Virginia Hawkins, pledge instructor.

The installation of officers and the senior ceremony were held in the chapter rooms Monday, May 15.

Sigma Mu Sigma announces the election of the following officers for the coming year: Ivan R. Edward, honorable doctor; Herbert T. Wildman, master; Carl O. Hoffman, bachelor; Willard E. Bohall, registrar; Donald W. Parker, bursar; Stephen R. Woodzell, associate; Charles I. Gordon, assistant, and J. Allen Crocker, interfraternity delegate.

Phi Sigma Sigma has elected the following officers for next year: Beatrice Oxenburgh, archon; Miriam Rothstein, vice archon; Charlotte Dubin, scribe; Maxine Kahn, bursar; Alice Albert, sergeant-at-arms, and Rita Rubinstein, historian.

Women Managers Elected by W.A.A.

Myers, Pope, Bunten, Dennis, Haley, and McDonnell Get Posts

Martha Myers, Virginia Pope, Helen Bunten, Virginia Dennis, Mary Haley, and Virginia McDonnell were elected managers of spring sports for 1933-34 by the Women's Athletic Association last week.

Tennis will be managed by Martha Myers who has been active in that sport for three years and has played in several tournaments. Virginia Dennis was chosen to head swimming. Mary Haley, a baseball star of two years, will direct that sport next year.

Virginia McDonnell, Helen Bunten, and Virginia Pope were re-elected to the managements of riding, archery, and golf, respectively.

Spaulding Elected W. I. B. Manager

Intramural Board Schedule For Next Year Announced At Final Meeting

At the meeting of the Women's Intramural Board on Monday, May 15, Edith Spaulding was elected to succeed Harriet Atwell as manager of intramurals for 1933-34 at a meeting of the Woman's Intramural Board on Monday, May 15.

This season's activities were closed with a luncheon at the Tallyho Tavern yesterday. Guests were the Misses Atwell, Rodgers, Lawrence and Aubek of the physical education department staff and some ninety girls representing the various sororities on campus participating in intramural sports.

It is announced the schedule adopted for next year by the Intramural Board is as follows: November, volleyball; December, ping-pong; February and March, bowling; April and May, tennis and horseshoes.

Chi Omega Gives University Canvas

A painting of the original University building at Fifteenth and H streets was presented to the University by Chi Omega sorority Sunday afternoon at a tea in its rooms. President Marvin received the gift from Harriet Atwell, president of the chapter.

The painting is by Gladys Ames Brannigan, one of the founders of Phi Alpha local, which local became Phi Alpha chapter of Chi Omega. The canvas was done from a photograph, and represents Columbia University, which later became George Washington University.

President Marvin, in receiving the painting, told about the collection of early University catalogues and documents which has been made since his coming to George Washington. He also sketched the founding of the University and stated that it was not originally a secular institution, as has been the popular belief. The painting, he said, would fit in well with his collection of pictures of the University and of all faculty members who have served on the staff since its founding. The canvas will be hung in Corcoran Hall 10.



THE BEAUTY SCHOOL
by Helena RUBINSTEIN
Noted Beauty Authority

AWAY WITH BLEMISHES!
The advantages of youth are often exaggerated. Those who are no longer young are apt to remember their youth as entirely gay; women are inclined to refer to their great beauty when in their teens. As a matter of fact, the smart young things of today know better. Young girls are very apt to have blemished skins, chiefly because they have not learned the value of regular, daily beauty care.

What to do about it? Well—first, consider the way you are cleansing your skin. A hasty dab of soap and water before rushing off to classes? Vigorous scrubbing an hour before a dance? Neither method is calculated to make you look like heaven's gift to the stage line.

Instead, the morning cleansing should be with a good pasteurized cream that will remove all impurities, smooth and firm the skin. Then a skin-toning lotion should be used to close the pores and serve as a powder base. It takes only a few minutes more to clean your face right, and it saves hours of worry about a poor complexion.

After you've been playing golf or tennis or walking, you will probably want to wash. If the skin is normal, it would suggest a grainy wash that not only cleanses perfectly but whitens the skin, too. If you already have some blemishes and blackheads, then use a paste that will overcome blackheads and open pores over while you wash! And incidentally, if there is some occasion for which you want to look your best and your complexion starts to act up, just touch a bit of acne cream to blemishes, before you go to bed, and let it stay on all night.

It seems like a malignant fate, doesn't it—the way blemishes appear as if by magic, just when we want our skin to be perfectly clear. But instead of blaming fate, learn your lesson in proper cleansing. Then you will be sure of a beautiful, clear skin all the time.

Kitty Fox Chosen Orchestis Leader

Kitty Fox was elected president of Orchestis Club for 1933-34 at its final meeting for the year held last Wednesday noon.

In addition to being a charter member, Miss Fox has been prominent in the club's activities, having been vice president and intramural delegate last year.

Other officers elected were: Mary Brooks Haley, vice president; Janet Feiker, secretary; and Elizabeth Middlemas, treasurer.

The annual breakfast in honor of the senior members of the club will be held at the Iron Gate Inn Sunday morning, June 4. The committee in charge of arrangements for the breakfast consist of Miss Fox, Miss Feiker, and Muriel Chamberlain.

Standards Rising Says Dr. Marvin

President Marvin Stresses Activities in Speech to University Women

"No person is a true University student unless he is leading a life full of activities and accomplishes everything possible. I want this to be characteristic of the students at George Washington University," President Marvin informed the University women at a meeting in Corcoran Hall last Wednesday.

Announcing the raising of academic requirements President Marvin stressed the unique advantages of George Washington as an accredited university located in the Nation's Capital and expressed the purpose of the administration to exceed by twenty per cent the requirements for matriculation and graduation as established by other universities and by accrediting agencies. More applicants for registration are now being registered than are being accepted, he said.

Advocates Social Groups

"We have here a group of sororities and clubs," President Marvin told the University women. "We have also units of student activities of various types. I think you should take advantage of all these in order to learn and to study people. I would like to see more sororities here and to see every girl at the University pledged to such a group."

Following introduction by Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows, President Marvin announced his intention to talk for a few moments informally with the students. "I want to gossip with you this morning—not like Chips, but to tell you some of the things which are significant in your life and which you do not think about ordinarily," he said. Before discussing academic standards and activities the president told his audience of some of the services which he and the officers of the University are rendering, illustrating by incidents.

The accessibility of the president to the students was emphasized. "My door is always open to you," he said.

Sophomores Take Interclass Baseball

The sophomore team won the interclass baseball tournament of last week with two victories and no losses. The sophomores defeated the junior-senior combine team, 8-7, while the junior-senior team defeated the freshmen, 17-10. Then the sophomores downed the freshmen 17-1, thus winning the series.

The outstanding players of these class teams will be awarded major and minor letters at the annual W. A. A. spring banquet tonight.

Cosmetics Raise Cleaning Bills

Outside of the cleaning charge for tuxedo shirts, cosmetics are not harmful. This would make it appear that it is the man who pays and not the woman. Science has proved that most of the toilet accessories—powders, rouges, creams, etc.—are simple in composition and seldom contain anything harmful to the skin or complexion. Again, contrary to usual belief, there is nothing mysterious about any of them, neither is there anything complicated about their formulas, except the perfumes which are usually blends of several oils possessing a pleasing fragrance.

Powders may consist of talc, zinc oxide, or orris root. Lipsticks and eyebrow pencils are mixtures of fat and waxes stiff enough to be molded and retain their shape. The coloring agent is usually a coal-tar dye, soluble in the oily medium. The consistency of the preparation is such that, on being drawn over the surface to be colored, a thin film of grease is left, so that by subsequent adjustment and blending the desired effect is produced.

Delicate and subtle perfumes result from the careful blending of the fragrant volatile oils obtained from fresh blossoms and leaves by a process of distillation. Dye for the hair are of several types. One is the henna dyes used for producing various shades from a rich coppery luster to a brilliant sable. The use of henna goes back to Cleopatra, and it is in Egypt that the supplies of this article still originate. It is the leaf of a species of lawsonia, and contains a natural dye in the leaf which produces light effects.

Frosh Frolic Has Large Attendance At Local Hotel

Phil Lampkin and Loew's Fox Orchestra Supply Music for 600

Approximately 300 couples attended the first Freshman Frolic, which was held in the Hall of Nations of the Washington Hotel last Saturday night. With Phil Lampkin and his Loew's Fox orchestra supplying the tunes, local dance enthusiasts made their appearance at 10 p. m. and remained until the wee sma' hours.

Frederick Bullard, frosh president, was pleased with the results of the dance, the first major social affair to be given here at a dollar top price. William Firth, Frolic chairman, stated that with the introduction of a Freshman Frolic to the University, he has no doubts that the frosh spring formal will become a tradition at the University.

Provost William Allen Wilbur, who was feted by the Juniors last week, was also the guest of honor of the Freshman class at this hop. "We have always had the highest regard and closest sentiment for 'Dean' Wilbur," said Bullard, "and we feel that it was an unusual opportunity for us to honor the 'Dean' at this time, in view of the fact that he was also guest of honor at 'Dean' Wilbur's Day, which was held the following afternoon."

Eleven on Committee
Members of the Freshman Frolic committee were: Lucille McGeehe, Jane McKnew, Katherine Welling, Marjorie Nelson, Frances Crawford, Jack Jones, Ed Kemper, Harold Seigle, Vinnard Paris, Harry Ames, and Edward Wilson.


The list of patrons included: President and Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin, Provost and Mrs. William Allen Wilbur, and the deans of the faculties and their wives.

Freshman Frolic chaperons were: Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Max Farrington, and Dr. and Mrs. Lowell Ratz.

Publications Dinner Planned For June 8; Awards Scheduled

The annual publications banquet will be held June 8 at a place to be designated later. Evelyn Eller, Wendell Bain, and Walter Rhinehart compose the committee in charge of the banquet.

After the dinner the award of Hatchet keys will be made. Eligibility for this award consists in two years' work as senior reporter on the Hatchet, the position of associate editor or editor-in-chief. The key is in the form of a matrix and has "George Washington" and "Hatchet" engraved on it. It was designed by Walter Rhinehart.



ORCHESTRA MUSIC
With 45c Dinner
6 to 8 P. M.

If you like the new idea of good music with a good 45 cent dinner, waitress service, and no tipping—may we anticipate serving you?

THE McREYNOLDS
18TH AT G STREET
SUNDAY DINNER 45c.

Maiden Form's "FULL-FASHION" Brassiere



Seamless bra cups shaped to perfection by "fashion-points" similar to those in fine hosiery

"Full-Fashion" is the modern brassiere for the modern girl—without a seam to mar the "skin-smoothness" of its skillfully shaped breast sections. Yet "Full-Fashion" controls perfectly because it is permanently blocked to keep its lovely uplift contours. In styles for different figure types. If your local shops cannot supply you, write Dept. C for booklet, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. 245 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Spend your vacation at this most ideal spot—2,300 feet above sea level in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

Special rates to groups

Opens June 17 Booklet

MRS. E. L. COCKRELL, Manager
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for

Graduation & Proms

OUR Misses' and Junior Deb Shops are brimming with the loveliest new dresses imaginable. Mousse-line de soie, plain and printed crepes; frilly nets with jackets; soft, filmy chiffons in pastels and prints. There are cape models, big, puffy sleeves, fluttering ruffled skirts... come in and see these intriguing dresses, so suitable for all summer wear. Plenty of whites for graduation.

Junior sizes 11 to 20. Fifth Floor.

The alumnae chapter of Alpha Delta Pi will entertain the active chapter and pledges at a picnic and swimming

Final Examination Schedule

May 26—June 2, 1933

The class schedule is suspended during the examination period. Examinations will be two hours in length. Books and scratch papers may not be taken into the examination room unless authorized by the instructor in charge.

Third group courses are not included. Courses in Law, Medicine, and Pharmacy will be arranged by each school involved.

Conflicts which can not be adjusted with the instructor, and errors should be reported to the Registrar.

FRIDAY, MAY 26th
9:10-11:10 A. M.

Subject—Instructor	Room
Architecture 4-A—Kline	E-14
Botany 2-A—Bowman	K-22
Economics 120-A—Sutton	W-23
Education 116—Ruediger	K-12
English 130—Cooper	L-21
History 2-A—Bemis	W-29
History 38-A—Ragatz	W-10
Home Economics 1-X—Kirkpatrick	C-23
Mechanical Engineering 112-A—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Cruckshanks	W-25
Philosophy 132—Garnett	W-23
Physics 11-X—Seeger	J-14
Political Science 10-A—Johnstone	W-33
Political Science 196—Wilgus	W-16
Psychology 162-A—Hubbard	B-21
Sociology 114—Willard	K-21

Subject—Instructor	Room
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
French 2-A—Thenaud	W-29
French 2-B—Thomas	W-39
French 2-C—Cornwell	W-22
French 6-A—Thomas	W-39
French 6-B—Thenaud	W-29
French 6-E—Thenaud	W-29
French 6-F—Thomas	W-39

Subject—Instructor	Room
2:00-4:00 P. M.	
Architecture 142-A—Crandall	E-25
Botany 2-C—Griggs	K-22
Home Economics 3-X—Haldeman	C-21
Home Economics 140—Towne	C-23
Psychology 2-C—Moss	W-29
Public Speaking 8—Harding	W-16

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Architecture 14—Bibb	B-12
Architecture 132—Roberts	J-41
Architecture 146—Crandall	E-25
Botany 108—Griggs	K-22
Botany 136—Yocum	H-30
Chemistry 2-B—McNeill	W-39
Chemistry 22-B—Van Evera	W-37
Chemistry 142—Mackall	W-35
Civil Engineering 26-B—Lapham	L-22
Civil Engineering 132-B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Chadwick	W-23
Civil Engineering 146—	
Hitchcock	V-13
Economics 126—Sutton	J-31
Economics 132—Owens	W-34
Economics 192—Donaldson	K-21
Education 151-X—Powers	D-21
Electrical Engineering 140—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Ames	P-10
English 2-B—Wilbur	W-10
English 10-C—Gibbon	P-20
English 166—Baker	K-12
French 126—Henning	L-1
German 10—Hughes	K-11
History 2-B—Bemis	W-33
History 150—Ragatz	W-15
History 152-B—Churchill	B-11
Home Economics 21-X—Towne	C-23
Home Economics 192—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Kirkpatrick	C-13
Library Science 132—Schmidt	J-21
Mathematics 18—Weida	W-21
Mathematics 20-B—Mears	W-24
Mathematics 131-X—Taylor	L-10
Mathematics 168—Woodard	J-23
Mechanical Engineering 130—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Oruckshanks	X-11
Philosophy 122—Garnett	M-24
Political Science 10-C—Hill	W-27
Political Science 128—Tillema	L-12
Psychology 2-D—Moss	W-29
Psychology 162-B—Hubbard	P-21
Public Speaking 1X-B—Roberts	W-16
Public Speaking 4-B—Harding	L-21
Public Speaking 122—Yeager	Q-11
Sociology 28-C—Willard	W-31
Spanish 126—Corliss	P-11

Subject—Instructor	Room
7:30-9:30 P. M.	
Architecture 4-B—Kline	E-14
Architecture 142-B—Crandall	E-25
Architecture 212—Bibb	B-12
Education 156—Dreese	D-11
English 118—Bement	L-21
Geology 128—Bassler	J-34
German 102—Sehr	J-44
Sociology 116—Street	W-24

Subject—Instructor	Room
9:10-11:10 A. M.	
Botany 2-E—Yocum	K-22
Civil Engineering 26-A—Lapham	W-39
Education 110—LaSalle	W-39
Education 112—Ruediger	K-11
English 10-A—Gibbon	W-10
English 52-A—Smith	L-10
English 116-A—Bement	W-33
History 24-A—Kaiser	W-30
Home Economics 160—Towne	C-11
Political Science 10-E—Tillema	W-27
Political Science 182—Hill	W-29
Psychology 140—Hubbard	B-21
Sociology 166—Street	W-22
Zoology 2-B—Bartsch	K-12

Subject—Instructor	Room
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
Spanish 2-A—Corliss	W-22
Spanish 2-D—Deibert	W-29
Spanish 2-E—Doyle	W-25
Spanish 6-A—Protzman	W-39
Spanish 6-B—Protzman	W-39
Spanish 6-E—Deibert	W-29

Subject—Instructor	Room
2-4 P. M.	
Civil Engineering 102-A—French	J-23
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Architecture 12—Bibb	B-12
Architecture 134—Roberts	J-41
Botany 2-G—Yocum	K-22
Chemistry 1-X—McNeill	W-34
Chemistry 21X-B—Van Evera	W-39
Chemistry 42-B—Mackall	W-37
Chemistry 112—Kavaler	W-35
Civil Engineering 118-B—French	D-11
Civil Engineering 134-A and B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Wright	J-14
Economics 20-K—Buchanan	W-10
Economics 106—Kennedy	K-21
Economics 138—Owens	W-23
Electrical Engineering 137-X—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Ames	P-10
English 52-B—Smith	W-29
English 116-B—Bement	M-10
English 142—Croissant	L-22
French 6—Thenaud	P-30
History 24-B—Kaiser	W-33
History 38-B—Ragatz	K-12
History 176—Wilgus	W-16
Home Economics 23-X—Haldeman	C-11
Home Economics 101-X—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Kirkpatrick	C-13
Library Science 134—Lathrop	J-21
Mathematics 6-C—Taylor	W-21
Mathematics 19X-D—Weida	W-22
Mathematics 26-D—Johnston	W-24

Subject—Instructor	Room
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
Public Speaking 1X-A—Roberts	W-16
Public Speaking 4-A—Yeager	W-33
German 2-A—Hughes	W-29
German 2-B—Rogers	W-29
German 6-A—Hughes	W-29

Subject—Instructor	Room
2-4 P. M.	
Civil Engineering 72-A—French	J-23
Education 102—Dreese	K-21
French 116-B—Henning	L-1
Phys. Educ.—Women—Atwell	W-10

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Botany 124—Griggs	H-30
Civil Engineering 44—Hitchcock	V-13
Civil Engineering 102-B—French	J-23
Civil Engineering 182—Lapham	X-11
Economics 22-C—Owens	W-23
Economics 110-B—Donaldson	K-21
Economics 120-B—Sutton	W-15
Economics 124—Zucker	L-21
Economics 176—Buchanan	W-33
Electrical Engineering 122-B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Ennis	P-10
English 10-D—Gibbon	L-10
English 140—Baker	L-22
English 164—Wilbur	W-34
French 124—Deibert	W-32
Geology 22—Bassler	W-10
German 18—Hughes	J-24
History 102—Churchill	B-11
Home Economics 72-B—Towne	C-23
Library Science 122—Schmidt	J-21
Mathematics 6-B—Johnston	D-11
Mathematics 12-B—Culmer	K-11
Mathematics 19X-C—Woodard	W-24
Mathematics 20-C—Mears	W-22
Mathematics 139-X—Taylor	W-25
Mechanical Engineering 112-B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Cruckshanks	B-21
Philosophy 112-A—Garnett	L-12
Physics 102—Cheney	J-14
Political Science 10-D—Tillema	W-29
Political Science 124—West	W-27
Psychology 116-B—Moss	K-22
Public Speaking 4-C—Yeager	J-28
Sociology 176—Bentley	P-11
Zoology 2-A—Bartsch	W-30
Zoology 186—Bailey	P-20

Subject—Instructor	Room
Public Speaking 1X-A—Roberts	W-16
Public Speaking 4-A—Yeager	W-33
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
German 2-A—Hughes	W-29
German 2-B—Rogers	W-29
German 6-A—Hughes	W-29

Subject—Instructor	Room
2-4 P. M.	
Civil Engineering 72-A—French	J-23
Education 102—Dreese	K-21
French 116-B—Henning	L-1
Phys. Educ.—Women—Atwell	W-10

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Botany 124—Griggs	H-30
Civil Engineering 44—Hitchcock	V-13
Civil Engineering 102-B—French	J-23
Civil Engineering 182—Lapham	X-11
Economics 22-C—Owens	W-23
Economics 110-B—Donaldson	K-21
Economics 120-B—Sutton	W-15
Economics 124—Zucker	L-21
Economics 176—Buchanan	W-33
Electrical Engineering 122-B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Ennis	P-10
English 10-D—Gibbon	L-10
English 140—Baker	L-22
English 164—Wilbur	W-34
French 124—Deibert	W-32
Geology 22—Bassler	W-10
German 18—Hughes	J-24
History 102—Churchill	B-11
Home Economics 72-B—Towne	C-23
Library Science 122—Schmidt	J-21
Mathematics 6-B—Johnston	D-11
Mathematics 12-B—Culmer	K-11
Mathematics 19X-C—Woodard	W-24
Mathematics 20-C—Mears	W-22
Mathematics 139-X—Taylor	W-25
Mechanical Engineering 112-B—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Cruckshanks	B-21
Philosophy 112-A—Garnett	L-12
Physics 102—Cheney	J-14
Political Science 10-D—Tillema	W-29
Political Science 124—West	W-27
Psychology 116-B—Moss	K-22
Public Speaking 4-C—Yeager	J-28
Sociology 176—Bentley	P-11
Zoology 2-A—Bartsch	W-30
Zoology 186—Bailey	P-20

Subject—Instructor	Room
7:30-9:30 P. M.	
Architecture 24—Crandall	E-25
Chemistry 122-B—Van Evera	W-35
German 2-C—Rogers	W-39
German 2-D—Rogers	W-39
German 6-B—Rogers	W-39
Zoology 134—Bartsch	I-22

Subject—Instructor	Room
9:10-11:10 A. M.	
Botany 2-F—Yocum	K-22
Chemistry 42-A—Mackall	W-37
Civil Engineering 42-A—	
Hitchcock	V-13
Economics 2A-E—Buchanan	W-10
English 162—Shepard	L-21
French 5-X—Cornwell	O-22
History 152-A—Churchill	W-24
Physics 152-A—Cheney	K-12
Political Science 10-F—Tillema	W-27
Psychology 2-B—Moss	W-29

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Education 184—Dreese	D-23
Education 186—Powers	W-15
Spanish 2-B—Protzman	W-29
Spanish 2-C—Protzman	W-29
Spanish 6-C—Deibert	W-23
Spanish 6-D—Corliss	W-27
7:30-9:30 P. M.	
Botany 116—Bowman	I-30
Education 120—Ruediger	W-17

Subject—Instructor	Room
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
Economics 22-A—Kennedy	W-27
Economics 110-A—Donaldson	K-21
Education 152—Powers	L-22
Electrical Engineering 10-A—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Ames	V-13
English 172—Croissant	M-10
French 116-A—Cornwell	W-24
French 140—Henning	L-1
Home Economics 72-A—Towne	C-23
Home Economics 152—Kirkpatrick	C-21
Mathematics 6-A—Taylor	W-22
Mathematics 12-A—Woodard	K-11
Physics 12-B—Cheney	K-12
Physics 14-A—Brown	J-14
Political Science 10-B—Johnstone	W-39
Public Speaking 1X-C—Harding	W-16
Public Speaking 5-X—Roberts	W-34
Public Speaking 104—Yeager	Q-11
Sociology 148—Kern	L-21
Spanish 116-A—Doyle	W-25

Subject—Instructor	Room
11:30 A. M.—1:30 P. M.	
Sociology 28-A and 28-B—Willard	W-10

Subject—Instructor	Room
2:00-4:00 P. M.	
Civil Engineering 118-A—French	D-11

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Chemistry 121-X—Van Evera	W-21
Electrical Engineering 10-B—	
Ennis	B-21
French 2-C—Thomas	W-22
French 2-D—Cornwell	W-29
French 6-C—Cornwell	W-29
French 6-D—Thomas	W-22
French 6-H—Kramer	W-25
Physics 12-D—Cheney	J-14

Subject—Instructor	Room
7:30-9:30 P. M.	
Architecture 22—Crandall	E-12
Civil Engineering 150—Hitchcock	V-13
Graphic Art 12—Bibb	B-12
Zoology 138—Bartsch	I-10
Zoology 152—Poppenoe	P-30

Subject—Instructor	Room
9:10-11:10 A. M.	
English 2-A—Wilbur	W-10
English 10-B—Bement	L-21
English 92-A—Shepard	W-29
English 152—Smith	W-24
English 184—Croissant	L-12
German 1-X—Rogers	W-32
History 146—Kaiser	W-17
Home Economics 102—	

Subject—Instructor	Room
Kirkpatrick	C-23
Library Science 102-A—Lathrop	J-21
Mechanical Engineering 14-A—	
Johnson	J-52
Political Science 112—Tillema	W-33
Psychology 116-A—Moss	L-22

Subject—Instructor	Room
5:10-7:10 P. M.	
Architecture 112—Bibb	B-12
Civil Engineering 42-B—	
Hitchcock	V-13

Convocation Issue June 7

A special commencement issue of The Hatchet will be issued Wednesday, June 7. A meeting of the Hatchet staff to work on this issue will be held Friday, June 2, at 5 p. m., in The Hatchet Office.

Subject—Instructor Room

Civil Engineering 72-B—French	J-23
Economics 22-B—Kennedy	W-23
Economics 144—Owens	W-31
Electrical Engineering 126—Ennis	P-10
English 92-B—Shepard	W-39
French 108—Thenaud	P-20
French 116-C—Protzman	W-15
Library Science 102-B—Lathrop	J-21
Mathematics 3X-B—Mears	W-34
Mathematics 10—Weida	W-25
Mathematics 12-C—Johnston	K-11
Mechanical Engineering 126— Johnson	X-11
Physics 12-C—Cheney	K-12
Physics 14-B—Brown	J-14
Political Science 10-H— Johnstone	W-27
Psychology 2-E—Moss	W-29
Psychology 142—Loman	B-21
Psychology 192—Hunt	B-22
Public Speaking 152—Brown	W-32
Sociology 156—Gwin	W-22
Spanish 116-B—Corliss	O-23
7:30-9:30 P. M.	
Chemistry 192—Mackall	W-33
Education 146—French	D-12
Geology 126—Bassler	K-11

U. S. S. George Washington Published Contemporary Hatchet During War

Paper Published on High Seas Boasted "Largest Circulation on the Atlantic Ocean," Was in Existence From February, 1918, to November, 1919

By S. CLAUDE BARTLEY

The University Hatchet once had a contemporary—in name at least. The official publication of the U. S. S. George Washington during the World War was called *The Hatchet*, because, being official, it "could not tell a lie." It was published on board ship from February 21, 1918, to November 11, 1919. With the U. S. S. George Washington now resting in "graveyard" mooring in Chesapeake Bay, *The Hatchet's* morgue becomes an interesting sanctuary. It reveals flashing episodes of a wartime publication and of a struggling career of a newspaper.

The Hatchet was published every day except Sunday and circulated on board just before mess. Its first issue came off the press February 21, 1918, the eve of George Washington's birthday; its last was published on Armistice Day, 1919. The first copy was sent by airplane to President Wilson. When this copy had been sent to the President, there was circulated on board the question, "Now, who will take the Hatchet to the Kaiser?"

The biggest jolt in *The Hatchet's* life came in March 1918, when her officials heatedly discussed the advisability of discontinuing the publication. "Let's bury *The Hatchet*," was the cry from some. "Never," said the Captain of the U. S. S. George Washington. "We feel that this Hatchet has chopped its way into the pith of our lives, and it cannot be withdrawn." Then the "floating city" daily continued to appear on board for several months.

The U. S. S. George Washington was originally a German liner. She was taken over by a crew of American sailors in April 1917 at Hoboken, where she had been tied up with her German crew ever since the declaration of war in 1914. During the war she served as a transport for American troops. It was then that *The Hatchet* was enlisted for service.

After the war the U. S. S. George Washington served as a passenger ship until August 30, 1922, when she was oiled for safekeeping alongside her dying mate, The American, in the "graveyard" mooring in the Chesapeake. But the great spirit of the George Washington and *The Hatchet* lives on.

Besides the George Washington's menagerie, which at one time contained three fawns, one fox, one monkey, one anteater, one burro, two kittens, and about thirty dogs, *The Hatchet's* circulation area cradled a host of notables and soldiers. In July 1918, the George Washington floated homeward six units of the Second Division and its commander, Major General John A. Lejeune. President Wilson crossed on the ship four times. In this connection it was commonly called The President's Ship, not only for her service to President Wilson, but also for her commemoration of the spirit of our First President.

Among the several "accidents" *The Hatchet* printed, are the following: "NEW YORK, July 28—The first air passenger service to be established

in America and which will operate upon a daily schedule will be inaugurated today between New York and Atlantic City. The planes are of limousine boat type carrying two and three passengers in addition to the pilot. The course will follow the Hudson river coast line. Wire ahead for tickets."

"LONDON, July 28—Great Britain has ratified in both branches of her national legislature, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the treaty with the German Government and the subsidiary treaty with France and the United States."

Not only news, but *The Hatchet* carried some advertising, chiefly of the theatres on board. Theatre "Old Salt" and the Martha Washington Theatre were two of its clients.

Other features of *The Hatchet* were editorials, Church news, Passenger lists, baseball scores, and the ships log. Its heading revealed the following oddities: THE HATCHET, Published on the High Seas, "The Largest Circulation on the Atlantic Ocean."

Total Population of World Could Be Packed in a Box a Half-Mile Square

It sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), then the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don't believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with

Porterfield Chosen As Review Editor

Dorothy Porterfield was elected editor of the Literary Review of The Hatchet, to take the place of Benjamin K. Schwarz, retiring editor, at the year's last meeting of the Literary Review board on Friday, May 19.

The new board of editors was also chosen; it consists of Rene Bonnerjea, Samuel B. Detwiler, Jr., Vasilios Lambros, and Mary Lee Watkins. The staff associates are Rhoda Bloose, L. T. Cohen, Howard Hartman, and Philip Light.

Funeral Services Today For Frances Finch, '32

Funeral services will be held today at Hysong's Funeral Home, at 1:30 p. m., for Frances Elizabeth Finch, member of the class of '32, who died Sunday at Providence Hospital.

Miss Finch, a ward of Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, transferred to George Washington in 1931 from the University of Colorado, entering the Division of Library Science. Upon her graduation she joined the library staff at the Smithsonian Institution, later obtaining a position at the District Library. Burial will be at Miss Finch's home in Boulder, Colo.

A "Student Prince" at L. S. U. Is Literally a Student Prince

A "student prince," in the real sense of the word, strolls back and forth, to and from classes at L. S. U.

He's a "prince of a fellow, too, this Abdul Ghani from the province of Afghanistan in India. His father, at present, is an exiled king far in the depths of a thick jungle. The exiled king has great confidence in Abdul, and has therefore sent him to America to be educated. Later, when he has completed his master's degree in chemical engineering he expects to return to his native land to assist his father in freeing his people.

"Won't you come up to my room?" he asked in a very friendly tone. "We might talk much better there." He led the way up a narrow flight of stairs, and opened a door which revealed a neat, modernistic little apartment. A life-like pencil sketch of a professor's little son was nearly finished and lay on Ghani's dresser.

"No, I really don't draw..." he explained, "just a pastime. Everyone likes to do something in his spare moments and I like to sketch faces."

Courteously, he offered his best chair to his guest, and sat down after taking out a package of American-made cigarettes. "I learned to smoke long before I came to school. We are all great smokers at home. In India I smoke a tube fastened to the end of a roll of tobacco much like your cigars. This smoke," he explained, "is drawn through a bottle of ice water and gives a most delightful sensation. I suppose people around here would think this very strange—would they not?"

Abdul Ghani says that L. S. U. co-eds as a whole are "very pretty" creatures. People are forever asking him about the "harems" found in places in India. "This is absurd," he protested, "for only the lower classes do this sort of thing. It is true that it is lawful, but my father has only one wife, my mother. My father wants me to wait until I become 30 years of age before I get married. I think I shall take his advice, and have a 'one-woman harem,' which I think is best in the long run."

"Sports?" he repeated. "I'm fond of tennis and swimming. I had a pretty hard time understanding your American game of football last year, but now I find it most interesting." He said that while he stayed in England for two years, he saw an occasional football game in the movies. "The Englishman only laughs at them and thinks they are very funny," he said.

Ghani is a calm, easy speaker. He uses correct English with a natural foreign accent. "I get along all right until the boys here begin to speak their 'slang,' then I get lost. You Ameri-

cans, however, are fortunately far from the formality of the Englishman."

Ghani says that his father will send his younger brother over to America and to L. S. U. next year. He is not quite nineteen yet, but is anxious to join his brother.

"I shall be very glad to speak my native language with a person who understands me," he said. He calls his tongue "Pustu," which, as he explained it, is a mixture of Arabic and Persian.

"The boys here, as a rule, are somewhat of a one-track mind," he asserted. "One cadet even asked me if I didn't come from a land of crocodiles and polar bears."

"This may be interesting to you," he said smilingly, as he held up a pair of blue bedroom slippers. On closer examination they turned out to be a pair of Arabic shoes. "Of course," he explained that the shoes had stood the dust of summer, and the snow of winter. The shoes themselves had a distinct twist upward at the end that gave them that "story-book" effect.

"I like to write stories," he announced, "but am not so good at story-telling. Already I have had five of my stories published in India in my native tongue, but most of the people there care little for such reading, so this, of course, would be very unprofitable to me, as I expect to live there."

He described the cafes on the campus as being strictly "American" with their round stools and utter informality. He likes tea and orders it at every opportunity. On the other hand, his American guest usually orders coffee.

Coon to Head Gamma Eta Zeta, Honorary Fraternity

Betty Coon was elected president of Gamma Eta Zeta, women's honorary journalistic fraternity for women at the last meeting of the year on Friday, May 19. Other newly elected officers are: Virginia Hawkins, vice president; Harriet Atwell, secretary, and Catherine Prichard, treasurer.

Alumni to Dine on Friday; President Marvin Speaker

George Washington University alumni in Philadelphia will hold a dinner on Friday evening, May 26, which will be attended by President Cloyd Heck Marvin as guest of honor and speaker. William Ellis Zimmerman, of the Class of 1922, who is a member of the legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, is in charge of arrangements.

Beaumont Society Selects Richwine

Barton W. Richwine was elected president of the Beaumont Medical Society at an informal banquet at the Tia Juana Club Tuesday night. The other officers are James Gustin, vice president; J. V. Dorset, chairman of executive committee; James Henderson, secretary and treasurer; and Jack Skelly, chairman of the social committee.

Papers were presented by Harold Opshal on "The Theory that Cancer is an Infectious Disease," by James M. Sutter on "Seasickness," and "Eclampsia" was given by Norbert Sullivan. Dr. Earl B. McKinley and Dr. Walter Freeman gave short talks in collaboration with Sullivan's topic, "Eclampsia." Dr. McKinley spoke of the use of ultra violet rays, in its treatment, while Dr. Freeman explained how dehydration could be used in eclampsia with good results.

Roosevelt Designates Law Alumnus Patent Office Head

President Roosevelt last week designated Conway Peyton Coe, a George Washington University law graduate, as Commissioner of Patents.

The new head of the United States Patent Office was graduated from the University in 1923 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Since that time he has been a prominent member of the patent law profession in Washington.

CIRCLE THEATRE
2105 PENNA. AVE.

"Home of the Mirror Screen"

TUES. & WED.—"KING KONG." Fay Wray, Bob Armstrong in a story of the impossible—a thriller that out-leaps imagination.

THURS. & FRI.—"A BEDTIME STORY." Maurice Chevalier, Helen Twilvetree. Wide-awake entertainment sparkling with melody.

SAT.—"LUCKY DEVIL." Bill Boyd, Roscoe Ates. A thrill romance about movie stunt men. Episode 3 of "CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED."

SUN. & MON.—"THE WHITE SISTER." Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lewis Stone. The love story of the century with the screen's two stars of the hour.

Mat. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday

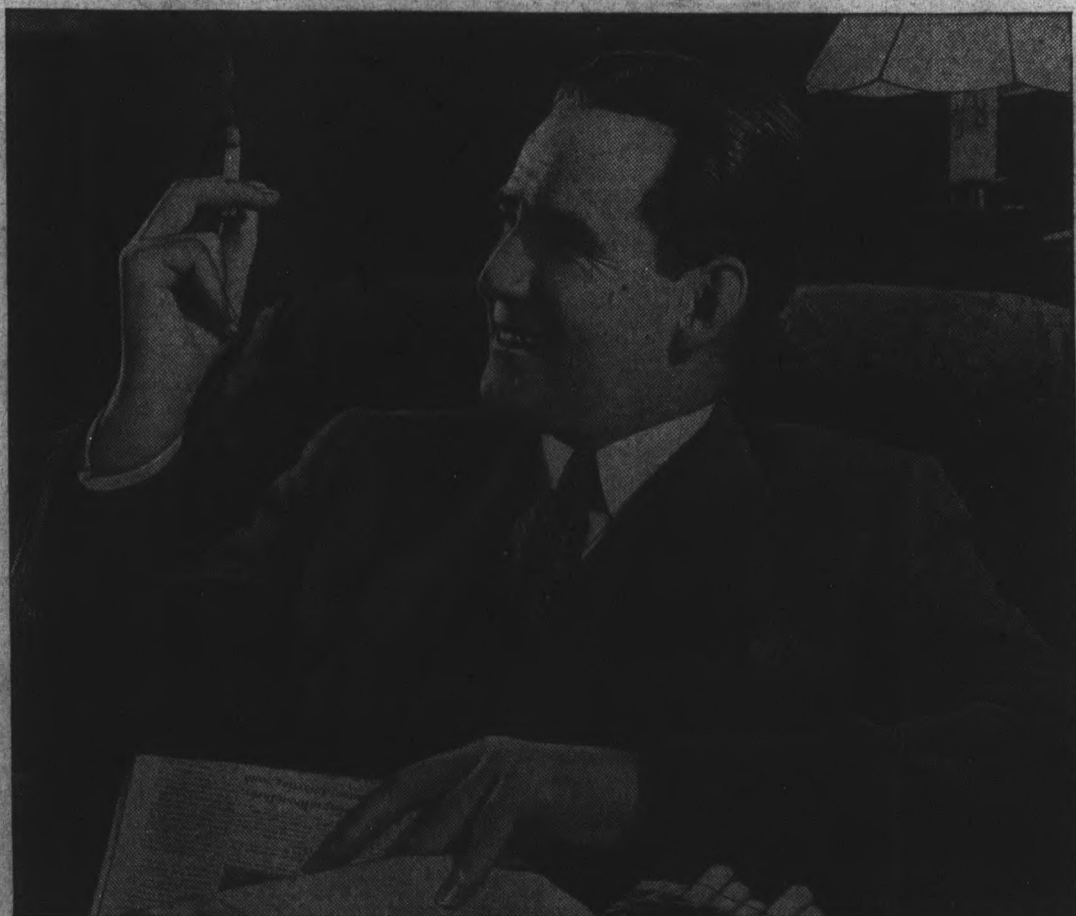
Some things you can Prove

Like the Milder,
Better Taste
of Chesterfields

JUST trying a package or two will show you that Chesterfields are Milder and Better-Tasting. But you can't learn much about why they're that way... except by taking our word for it.

Wherever cigarette tobaccos are on sale, there you will find our buyers, busy picking out and purchasing ripe, mild tobaccos—almost good enough to eat.

Then they are blended and cross-blended—Domestic and Turkish both—in just the right proportion... so that there'll be just one good flavor and aroma.



Chesterfield



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They Satisfy
people know it

Glee Clubs Guests Of State Society

NOEICE—There will be a short meeting of the men's Glee Club on Thursday, May 25, in C. H. 28. It is important that all members attend.

The George Washington University glee clubs were guests of honor at the annual ball of the Pennsylvania State Society, held in the main ballroom of the Willard Hotel, on Tuesday, May 16.

Before an audience of more than 300 persons, two groups of songs were sung by the men's club, while a third group was given by the women's club. Perhaps the best work of the evening was given by the combined clubs, singing two groups of the best numbers from the clubs' recent annual spring concert.

The rest of the evening was given over to dancing.

The clubs have planned a picnic for Saturday, June 3, to be given at the cottage of Eleanor Boehs, in South River Park.

Architecture Student Places in Competition

Winning out over a large number of professionals in this city, Benjamin Taylor Simmons, Jr., a student in the School of Architecture here, placed third in a competition sponsored by the American Institute of Architects. First prize was awarded to a George Washington University graduate, Louis Justement.

The problem was to renovate the shanty now on exhibition in the park in front of the Department of Commerce Building, Fourteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, into an attractive residence.

Louis Justement, the winner, was awarded the degree of bachelor of science in architecture here in 1911. His plan will be the one used in the renovation of the building, which is expected to start in a few days, while Simmons will be a member of the committee supervising the work.

All drawings entered in the contest will be placed on exhibition this week.

The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

Vol. 29, No. 32

MAY 23, 1933

Section 2

Poetry of Geology

By R. S. BASSLER

MAN'S natural curiosity about his earthly habitation has ever made earth science or geology a subject of keen interest to him. What has happened on the earth down through the ages and what has life, especially man, had to do with it? There are questions which thinkers as far back as Pythagoras and Aristotle have tried to answer. The three great phenomena of the universe, matter, life and time, embrace all science. Matter is concerned with the physical sciences such as astronomy, physics, chemistry, mineralogy, physiology and geography; life is the subject of the biological sciences, botany, zoology, paleontology, archaeology and anthropology; while time is the basis of the historical sciences as history and historical geology. Naturally some of these three great fields overlap and, moreover, beyond the limits of matter, time and space, there are unexplored—perhaps unknowable regions.

Geology has grown to be perhaps the most comprehensive of the sciences, for it deals with the story of the earth and its inhabitants from the time our planet was a fiery mass revolving in its charted course through the heavens and subject only to physical laws, down to the present when life has become such a predominant factor. Thus the physical sciences mentioned above are concerned mainly with early earth history, but for the period after the introduction of life, botany and zoology in addition are necessary subjects for its understanding. Indeed geology is so broad in its scope that it touches upon some phase of nearly every science. If one has a limited amount of time to obtain a general knowledge of science, geology will surely give a more comprehensive view than one of the more specialized branches. Naturally in such a broad subject many facts, often apparently unrelated, will be presented and any aids in impressing them upon the student's memory, will be welcome. That there is no royal road to learning and that only persistent, painstaking effort will lead to the acquisition of knowledge has been pointed out time and again. However, education has long sought for a more vital approach to learning than the memory method. Pictures, both moving and still, are now widely employed in the teaching of science, for it is recognized that we learn more readily by looking at things than by memorizing facts about them. The principle holds still better if the object itself can be viewed. In geology the visual method of learning is especially applicable because every mountain side or stream valley reveals chapters of earth history often quite puzzling to the layman but usually plainly visible to the student of nature.

Still another method of impressing the facts of science is through the emotions particularly through the appreciation of literature or music. Long ago Herbert Spencer pointed out in his "Essays" that not only does science underlie sculpture, painting, music, and poetry, but that science itself is poetic. He further has written that science opens up realms of poetry where to the unscientific all is blank and he quotes Hugh Miller's books on geology as scientific works inspiring poetry. Much of the poetry of nature which has endured has been written by students who have described their impressions with such care that they are scientifically correct, even though the underlying principles may not have been understood. The geologist is seldom a poet and the poet rarely has an appreciation of geology, yet often they evidence a mutual understanding. Byron expresses the feelings of the appreciative geologist when he writes:

To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell—
To slowly trace the forest's shady home,
Where things that own not Man's dominion
dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not Solitude—'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
stores unrolled.

A more rollicking mood is expressed by Robert Dick, a Scottish baker of a century ago, who enjoyed the pleasures of rock cracking when off duty.

It's good to be breaking a stone
The work now is lucky and braw
It's grand to be finding a bone—
A fishbone the grandest of a'.

Hammers and chisels an' a'
Chisels and fossils and a'
Resurrection's our trade—by raising the dead
We've grandeur an' honour an' a'.

May labour be crowned wi' success
May prudence promulgate the story
May scoffers grow every day less
Till the rocks are a mountain of glory.

Woman and the Mirror

As I stand here and shave, there looks out at me appraisingly the face of one who, though young, has already endured all the vicissitudes some eighteen years of comfortable middle-class existence, and the fiction shelf, afford. And midst sundry contortions of various facial muscles to expedite the removal of at least one portion of the visible link between me and my animal ancestry, there comes the fascinating notion of a woman's fury engendered by the immolation of the last mirror on that revered above all proving grounds: the desert isle.

Civilization has afforded few such indispensable objects of less material utility. A silvered chunk of annealed silicon dioxide is sure salve to the vanity of woman. Man, indeed, can take as much pride in a hard-hit ball, a well-written story, a soundly constructed cabinet, as in his own physical features. Not so woman. She must needs see herself many times the day—must remold her smile, or bring new youthful color to her cheeks. The mirror she would not miss till no other were available. Then the shrieking and wailing that would ensue! It must have been in the Caliph's harems that the seven-year-bod-luck story originated.

—Jules Braunstein

Hammers an' chisels an' a'
Chisels and fossils and a'
The deeper we go the more we shall know
Of the past an' the present an' a'.

Here's freedom to dig and to learn
Here's freedom to think an' to speak
There's none ever grumbled to look at a stone,
But creatures both stupid an' weak.

The first chapter of Genesis, that great poem from the pen of the inspired philosophers, is an abridged volume of geologic history. Its seven days or eons of time so closely parallel the great eras of earth history as determined from the evidence of the rocks that the old-time idea of the conflict between religion and science based on an erroneous conception of the Biblical account should be discarded once for all. The great events in early earth history, first

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Second, an earth without form and void and a great deep with darkness upon its face from the masses of black rain-laden clouds shutting out the sun.

"And the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Third, the division of this vapor into clouds, "waters above the earth" and seas "waters upon the earth" until finally the sun was able to break through and to rule the day, comprise the work of the Creator's first day. Separation of the continents and oceans and the creation of plants occurred on the second and third days. On the fourth day the seasons were established, for God said:

"Let there be light in the firmament of the heavens to divide the day from the night and let them be for signs and for seasons and for days and years."

On the fifth day the marine animals were created.

"Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that have life."

And on the sixth day

"God made the beast of the earth after his kind and cattle after their kind."

"God then said let us make man in our image after our likeness; and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the cattle and over all the earth."

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made and he rested on the seventh day."

Students of geology can recognize in this account the story of evolution which parallels that presented in the rocks, namely the change of the earth itself from the first great void to the present arrangement of land and sea, then the upward progression of life from the first most primitive plants to the simplest marine animals, and on the more complicated land vertebrates finally culminating in man.

The story of evolution is succinctly outlined in the introductory stanza of Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue," a poem which the relation of the Creator to the beautiful things of life feelingly portray.

A Fire-Mist and a planet—
A crystal and a cell—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.
A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.
Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.
A picket frozen on duty—
A mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it Consolation,
And others call it God.

(Please Turn to Page 2)

Poetry of Geology

(Continued from First Page)

In both the Biblical and scientific accounts of the earth's origin, it is evident that eons of time had elapsed before man appeared upon its surface. During this long interval physical processes in the form of wind, water and temperature were actively at work in some places slowly leveling mountains, in others cutting valleys only to be later filled with sediments and in other ways modifying the face of the earth in preparation, as we sometimes boastfully say, for man's coming. All of these processes are described under the general term of weathering, but perhaps the most far-reaching of them is the wind. A logical discussion of this phase of earth history termed "physical geology" will start with the work of the wind and continue with that of the rain, which, sinking into the earth, forms the ground water, or running off the surface as streams finally enters its original source, the ocean. In this article partly describing the physical elements and their work concerned in geologic history will be discussed.

The geologic effect of the wind is both constructive and destructive. They control weather conditions, particularly rainfall, which in turn through the streams and by solution, weathers away or breaks down the land surface. Winds also create ocean waves and currents in the sea and thus increase their geologic significance both by wearing away the rocks at one place and depositing the eroded material elsewhere.

The beneficent west wind, wafting the warm, moisture-bearing clouds to the British Isles and making life pleasurable there, in a latitude as far north as our own Labrador, forms the subject of Lord Tennyson's song of "Sweet and Low" from The Princess.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me:
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

On the other hand, the work of the wind and the destructive forces set free by its action are dramatically portrayed by Austin Dobson in his "Song of the Sea Wind." Here he graphically describes its cutting force on the land, then its erosive power along the shore line and its explosive ability from air compressed in the sea caves and finally, in the closing stanza, its subsidence and reckoning:

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea-line,
With an edge of salt that stings;
How it laughs aloud, and passes
As it cuts the close cliff-grasses;
How it sings again, and whistles
As it shakes the stout sea-thistles—
How it sings!
How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under-caverns,
In the hollows of the shores;
How it roars anew, and thunders,
As the strong hull splits and sunders:
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rent and riven—
How it roars!
How it wails, wails, wails,
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails;
How it sobs away, subsiding,
Like a tired child, after chiding;
And across the ground-swell rolling,
You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
How it wails!

Whether constructive or destructive, the wind has a stimulating effect, felt by everyone who delights to plow through the rain and storm. Hamlin Garland has voiced this feeling in a short poem.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man.

In his poem, "Winter," Robert Burns expresses his appreciation of the raw snowy days with their fierce blasts and he seems to derive real pleasure from a comparison of his own sad fate with them. Others of his poems indicate how he was influenced by the geologic background of his home in the Scottish Highlands where the prevailing hard granites and other ingenious rocks weather into a countryside with an equally harsh environment.

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or the stormy north sends driven forth
The blinding sleet and snow:
Wild-tumbling brown, the burn come down,
And roars frae bank to brae:
While bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,
The joyless winter day
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

Weather conditions brought about by the winds often result in rain which, absorbed upon reaching the earth becomes ground water. Besides supplying the water for human activities and furnishing moisture for plants, ground water in limestone regions works insidiously under the surface dissolving away the rocks, forming caves and otherwise eroding the land. Rain and ground water were poetically appreciated long ago by the great lyric poet Anacreon who concludes his lines with a question still quite timely:

DRINKING

Abraham Cowley's Translation from the Greek of Anacreon.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair,
The sea itself—which one would think
Should have but little need of drink—
Drinks ten thousand rivers up.
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill up the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

Both ground water and the rainfall which is not absorbed by the earth sooner or later find their way back to the sea in the form of streams—powerful agents of erosion constantly at work. Anyone standing on the edge of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and looking at the river a mile below, would suppose that the stream occupied a great gash in the earth's crust already prepared for it. Ralph Rayburn, a Kaibab Forest ranger has whimsically explained the geology and natural history of this natural wonder in his poem on the Grand Canyon gorge.

The Grand Canyon gorge has been cut by a stream;
Not by an earthquake, tho so it might seem.
The River Colorado is many feet wide,
But beneath its high banks is succeeding to hide,
The south rim is lower than that to the north,
Where Bright Angel Creek a torrent pours forth.
The floor of the Canyon is one mile below,
Yet often it seems but an easy stone's throw.
Some rocks in the Canyon are standing on end,
Causing steep crags down which we descend.
The blackbelled squirrel has a snow-white tail,
And up the tall pine-trees it scampers and sails.
The horned toad, a lizard, squirts blood from its eyes
And often swells up beyond normal size.
The fierce mountain lion is a ten-foot cat,
And a slap of its paw is more than a pat.
The floor of Grand Canyon is often quite hot.
Now all I can say is: "Believe it or not!"

Streams are very lifelike in their actions. They go through the various phases of life, youth, maturity and old age and often exhibit real human emotions. A youthful stream, with few or no tributaries will courageously attack the land of its birth.

Its life works the task of breaking down the rocks in its course is before it. Upon reaching maturity, it is found to have divided into many branches and to have cut the former land surface into a series of hills and valleys. When old age arrives, even the hills have been eroded away and the stream, tired from its exertions, no longer supports a family of tributaries, but now meanders sluggishly over the low plain it has formed from the highland of its youth. The Colorado, in the Grand Canyon, is a vigorous youngster, but Tennyson's "Brook," is a baby stream with all its childish ways. I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;

I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

"As old as the hills" is an oft-repeated simile, but it should read "as old as the streams," for they precede the hills and cause their formation. In maturity stream erosion is taking its full toll of the hills, or as the poet describes it:

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

In old age the wear and tear of the stream's life is at an end and peace and rest are at hand. Robert Burns' "Sweet Afton" is such a stream:
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing these a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

The ocean, the ultimate destination of old-age streams as well as all other water courses, is their birthplace and final resting place. Covering three-quarters of the globe, the ocean serves as the great stabilizer of climate. The sun's unflinching energy has, of course, caused the remarkable constancy of the earth's climate these hundreds of millions of years, but the ocean by storing up excess warmth and distributing it through currents into the higher latitudes, has played a large part in equalizing temperature. The more obvious effects of the ocean are seen in the gnawing action of the waves along certain sections of the seashores and in the depositing at other places of the eroded material as sand bars and other well-known near-shore features. The theme of the waves breaking on a rocky shore is used by Tennyson in his well-known poem, Break, Break, Break:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

The Dee River, the subject of Kingsley's "Sands of Dee," is a shallow estuary on the west coast of England just south of Liverpool, where the swiftly moving tides race in and out over the sands. These tidal waves, or bores, are destructive and treacherous as Mary's sad story relates:

O Mary go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand
And round and round the sand as far as eye
could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed or fish or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair.
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home,
Across the sands of Dee.

Probably the most feeling poem touching upon the phenomena of the sea is Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" written in the latter part of his life. A poem which may very well conclude this discussion of poetry in geology.

Crossing the Bar
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For the' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

I Am Not Sure

By I. T. COHEN

SOCIETY woman commits suicide by drowning."

I quickly jumped from the railing to the deck. I turned and saw a mass of red hair surrounding a pinkish face.

"Although I don't blame you for trying, Mrs. Sabin," the girl continued.

By this time I had regained my composure. I laughed.

"Commit suicide!" I said. "Let's swim to shore. This party bores me."

"I think I'm a little drunk," the red-haired girl confided. "I don't swim, but I ride. Do you ride?"

"No, I haven't a riding habit," I said. But I bite my finger nails when I'm nervous."

We both laughed, but I saw that the girl did not get the connection.

"This party nauseates me," she said. "There's not a man on the yacht under fifty." Then changing her tone, "I read of your divorce, Mrs. Sabin. I must say that you're a damned fool."

"Why," I asked.

"You don't know how to deal with men," she said. "Take my case, for instance. Take the case of Josie Malone."

"Who is Josie Malone?" I asked.

"That's me," she said. "I am Josie Malone."

"Hello, Josie," I said.

We both laughed. She continued after I had stopped.

"I guess I'm pretty smart," she said. "I mean I fixed him that time."

She burst into another fit of laughter.

"Fixed who? Fixed who, Josie?" I asked.

"Edwin," she said, still laughing. "My ex."

"Your ex? What do you mean, your ex?" I asked.

"My ex-hubby," said Josie. "He thinks it's my fault because his business went pffft, as Double-you-Doubleyou says."

"Walter Winchell. Don't tell me you never heard of Walter Winchell!"

"He makes columns, doesn't he?" I asked innocently. "Corinthian and Doric and Ionic columns."

"He writes columns," said Josie. "In newspapers. Edwin never should have got behind in his payments."

"His payments?"

"Alimony."

"I thought that was some kind of an element," I said.

"Did I ever tell you how I got hitched to that buggy?" asked Josie.

"How you who?" I asked.

"How I happened to marry Edwin?"

"How could you have?" I asked. "I've never spoken to you before."

"Well, I talked him into going to Atlantic City with me one week-end. Had a swell time."

"Well?"

"I got him drunk, and I suppose you know the rest."

"The rest?" I asked. She ignored my question, and continued.

"A couple of months later I went to him crying, and he just melted. He's got such a soft heart."

"Don't they?" I said.

"I told him I was going to have a baby, and he fell for it hook, line and elbow."

"Sinkers," I said. "Not elbow. In fishing..."

"He married me, of course," said Josie.

"Of course," I said.

I never had a baby. I wouldn't have a baby for anybody. I guess I've gone through enough without that."

"Ain't it the truth?" I said.

"Talk about dumb! Falling for that one, older'n Methusalem's whiskers!"

"Methusalem's whiskers are pretty ancient," I said.

"We got along together like two somethings in a nest. He let me have my way about everything. Did I spend money?"

"Did you?" I asked.

"I bought more hats and coats and frocks and shoes, and goddam!"

"What was that last article?" I asked.

"One thing I'll say for Edwin, he was some generous," said Josie.

"The word 'some' is not an adverb, and therefore cannot modify the word 'generous', which is an adjective," I said.

"What are you, a school teacher?" asked Josie.

"I'm a divorcee," I said.

"Do you mind if I call you Anne?" asked Josie.

"Call me Eleanor," I said.

"Well Eleanor, it wasn't long before Edwin found out about Charlie."

"Charlie?" I asked. "Wait! Don't tell me. Let me guess. Charlie was your boy friend."



Illustration by Myrta Williams

"Who told you?" asked Josie. "Well, didn't Edwin work in the office nights? I wasn't going to stay in all the time."

"Don't be angry with me, Josie," I said.

"So I went out with Charlie, and a couple of other gentlemen I knew before I married Edwin. There wasn't any harm in that."

"None at all," I said.

"I talked him into you-know-what, so they named a chorus girl as co-respondent—a friend of mine."

"You mean he took the blame?" I asked.

"He could've easily proved that it was me—that I..."

"Committed the adultery," I finished for her. "Is that it? Adultery? And something I was mad as all-goddam about—Walter Winchell never mentioned it, and was I sore, Eleanor?"

"Were you?" I asked.

"Wasn't it just like him to get rid of me, and then go to Europe? Why couldn't he have taken me first, and then got the divorce?"

"I don't know, Josie. I don't know why."

"He must have gone all over the world, because he didn't come back for two years. Some vacation, I call it. Two years."

"Two years," I said.

"Well, he came back and took over the business like before, and built it up bigger than ever. McKeech Corporation."

"Dental supplies," I said.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather when I learned he'd married again. Honest, I was that shocked."

"Nothing unusual about that," I said. "It's being done every day."

"One day I went to visit them, and they both greeted me like old friends, but I know they just sighed with relief when I left."

"Do you think they did?" I asked.

"I kept hinting that Edwin had been seeing me after he married her, but of course, he hadn't. I told him the gang was missing him, and wouldn't he come to some of our parties?"

"Would he?" I asked.

"No," said Josie. "Well, they must've split up after that for some reason."

I really don't see why," I said.

"You know how young married couples are—always quarrelling and fussing."

"I hadn't noticed it," I said.

"She went to Florida for her vacation, and he went to California. It so happened that I went to California that year, too. You know how things like that happen, eh, Eleanor?"

"Coincidences like that happen every day. Why, just last week..."

"I saw quite a bit of Edwin while we were in Los Angeles, and I thought I had him falling again. Anyway, he took me places, but he wasn't any too happy. I guess it was business troubles worrying him."

"What else could it be?" I asked.

"Well, one day I went around to his hotel, and I learned that he had gone back to En Why."

Well, I was getting fed up on En Ay, anyway, so I just meandered back to En Why. Walter Winchell says Nyawk for New York. I say En Why."

"That's very novel," I said. "Very novel, indeed."

"I think so, too," said Josie. "But imagine my mortification when I learned that the dopey couple were back together again. The old story. Separated couple brought together by stork."

"I suppose you mean they had a baby," I said.

"When I learned about it, I went to congratulate them on the blessed event, like any well-wishing friend."

"Naturally," I said.

"I kept kidding them. I said wonder if it looks like its father, you know, kind of hinting that maybe you-know-what."

"I know what," I said.

"Then I reminisced a little about California, hinting about the time at Coconut Grove, when Edwin got a little lit, and I had to take him home."

"I'll bet his wife was happy to hear that," I said.

"One day I just happened to walk past Edwin's home, and I saw the baby—he was two then—playing on the lawn. Well, Edwin had just come home from the office, and he ran to kiss the kid. Isn't that mushy?"

"It's a crime," I said.

"Well, I walked right up and kissed Edwin, just for fun. He didn't even see me coming. I just kissed him for fun. And his wife—guess what her name is!"

"How many guesses do I get?" I asked.

"Her name is Jessica. Well, she happened to run out on the patio. I suppose that's what you call it."

"That's what you call it, but you spelled it wrong," I said.

"Jessica didn't say anything. She just came down on the lawn, picked up the brat, and went back into the house."

"Didn't she invite you in?" I asked. "It was rude of her not to."

"You know a funny thing—Edwin actually looked mad. I thought he was going to slap me, but he didn't."

"Why should he want to do that?" I asked.

"Isn't it just like the dumb fools to separate again. They act just like kids, honest, Eleanor. Why didn't they get a divorce and be done with it, like I did?"

"Cigarette?" I asked.

"It wasn't long after that I heard the McKeech Corporation had gone pffft, as Doubleyou-Doubleyou says. And Edwin was left without a look-in. He paid the alimony the first few months after that. Then he said he couldn't pay any more for a while, but as soon as he got on his feet, he would pay me."

"Such a nerve!" I said.

"And what would I be doing in the meanwhile, Eleanor? I couldn't live on love, as the saying goes."

"I'll bet he went out of business just to spite you," I said.

"So it went to court, and I had Edwin locked up. Behind bars. What do you think of that?"

"Wonderful," I said. "It served him right, treating you like that."

"Jessica—that's his wife—got a job as a model. Isn't it disgraceful? Earning her living by showing off her body?"

"Nothing is worse," I said.

"So after a few months, she comes to me with a week's alimony, and they let Edwin out. What a damned fool she was!"

"It's unheard of," I said.

"So they let Edwin out for a day. Just for a day!"

"Even a day's freedom is too much for that cad," I said.

"And I have him thrown back in jail for back alimony. How do you like that?"

"Extraordinarily clever," I said.

"And guess what!" said Josie.

"What?" I asked.

"Just the other day, Jessica came to see me with her kid. I'm telling you, Eleanor, I practically had that woman on her knees. She was kissing my feet. She tried to tell me that her husband couldn't make any money while he was in jail, and if I let him out, he might be able to pay me. I said, 'oh, yeah.'"

"That's the height of something," I said.

"She cried. I guess she thought that could soften me, but it didn't. I guess it was my fault she lost her job. I gave her a few dollars to buy the kid some milk. She didn't want to take it, but I made her. Children must have milk."

(Please Turn to Page 5)

And The Lady Laughed

By JAMES WHITING SAUNDERS



WHEN Forrester was thirty he decided that he would write a novel. It didn't come to him suddenly in the bath, or riding, or having tea with the notorious Mrs. Beller. Not at all. Forrester prided himself that nothing ever happened to him suddenly. For thirty years now things had been culminating. There had been New York and London, Paris and Berlin, Egypt and Vienna. There had been the Riviera. There had been even a season in Hollywood and the greatest cinema the world had ever seen, which unfortunately didn't materialize because Lena Koehamby (nee Mary Smith) had suddenly developed moral scruples. "So faintly unamusing of her," Forrester had remarked to himself, there being nobody else to remark it to. "Fancy a person of her antecedents refusing..." But he felt the sting of that refusal nonetheless. He retired for one whole week into his palatial home and nursed his pride and vanity. Absolutely no one could get in to see him. "Probably gone monk," Mrs. Beller said, and sent him a gilt-edged, morocco-bound copy of Ecclesiastes "to develop a proper cynical point of view becoming a man of the world." "So eighteenth century of her," Forrester remarked bitterly enough upon its reception.

Meanwhile matters had been culminating; so that at the age of thirty Forrester decided that the time had come to prepare himself to produce a novel. "Oh, not right away," he considered. "As a matter of fact, it will be a life's work." "But darling," said Mrs. Beller, reclining luxuriously, "what sort of novel will it be? Realistic, with the plain style? Naturalistic, with a style that nobody can read?" This was indeed a cruel question. It was so insufferably difficult to answer. Forrester pondered. It was a pose for which he was particularly fitted. But he said nothing.

That afternoon he walked home, because, as he said, he hadn't walked for heaven knows how long and besides the spring air was delicious.

He had been standing at an intersection for some time, pondering life, the novel form, and various questions of his own personal comfort, when he became aware of a woman approaching from the next square. She was scarcely a woman, he thought; nothing more than a girl. But such was her beauty that for a moment he stood glancing at her. "Now she," he was thinking, letting his eyes pass idly over her figure, "would do superbly well for a heroine." At that moment he became aware of a heavy lorry roaring up the street. It was just one of those things that played no part in his life at all. But he could scarcely help noticing it; it was so obviously there. Then suddenly it happened. Just as the girl stepped from the curb, the lorry came jolting around the corner. He saw her thigh go under the wheel; and before he had time to look away (not considering it any of his business) the heavy wheel passed over her body.

That evening he wrote a note to Mrs. Beller: "I have decided to write a great tragedy. I have the heroine. She is lovely; dark hair, dark eyes and a most winsome manner. As a matter of fact, she was run down and most hopelessly mangled by a lorry this afternoon before my very eyes. But such is the superiority of art over nature. All great artists, it seems to me, should be absolutely heartless; for the moment feeling begins to interfere with art, art withers."

To which Mrs. Beller answered: "You are absolutely right. Besides I adore that Heronic portion of your nature. By all means be careful!"

During the next month Forrester gathered unto himself several notebooks in which he declared it his intention to keep, not notes for his novel, but a list of things, situations and people which and whom no self-respecting novelist would use. There was first of all plot, because as he said to Mrs. Beller, no novelist in the know would think of using a plot any more. Plot was the great fault of the novel before the twentieth century. People like Dickens and Thackeray! Absolutely terrible. They never seemed to realize that life doesn't happen along a pattern; that one doesn't discover that old Mr. So-and-So is none other than the brother of your nephew's grandmother. Such things simply don't happen. To which Mrs. Beller rejoined with an amused "Bravo!" The next thing was love.

"But darling," protested Mrs. Beller.

"Love," said Forrester, "is positively the tritest thing I know."

"Of course," said Mrs. Beller, "but life itself, my dear, is just about as trite as anything in it."

After half an hour's argument they decided that love would have its place in future literature. It was a great relief to both of them that this had been settled, for the strain of deciding had been terrible indeed. They recuperated, however, on cigarettes and caviar sandwiches.

After another half an hour Mrs. Beller asked the tactless question: "After you have decided all the things that should be kept out of your

novel, well, my dear, what then? Have you any idea what is going to be in it?"

Forrester shrugged. "Of course not," he said. "But think of the centuries of things we have cleared away. Most people write novels only by considering what will be in them. I will write a novel by considering what will be left out. When we have eliminated everything else, why then we have only to take what is left." It never seemed to occur to either of them that nothing might be left.

"What a boon we would have been to the past," said Forrester. "Why, just think of it. It's like one of those things they do in the laboratory, you know. Take some species or other and speed it up, with the result that centuries of evolution take place in half an hour."

"Has that been done?" asked Mrs. Beller, knitting her brow.

Forrester shrugged. "Does it matter? I personally know nothing about it. It was just a figure of speech anyway. But just think: if Fielding had thought of the few simple things we've done this afternoon, why he would have eliminated... just think of it, he would have spared the world all those awful things that Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot did. Why, it's amazing."

"Darling," said Mrs. Beller, "there can no longer be any doubt about it; you're a genius." But whether she was serious or sarcastic could not be detected from her tone.

"It's the laboratory method," said Forrester, overcome with enthusiasm, "why, it's the greatest thing in fiction since... since nothing at all."

"It's positively breathtaking," said Mrs. Beller. "It's the one thing," said Forrester, "that James Joyce didn't think of."

"Who is James Joyce?"

The fact that the external world didn't break from its habitual moorings and dance sarabandes is hardly to be explained. Why the gross people in the street didn't leave off their gross animal ways and take to the writing of odes and symphonies is a thing beyond belief.

Of course it must be admitted at the outset that neither Forrester nor Mrs. Beller actually took the thing very seriously. It was amusing and of course they intended to go on with it, but the really astounding things that the future was holding for them never crossed their minds. When you're in a position like Forrester's, with plenty of money and nothing to do, it is just as well that these little follies be countenanced.

"But how long will it be?" asked Mrs. Beller. "Oh, one doesn't know," said Forrester, "but long enough. It'll be no trifle."

"I should think it amusing," said the lady, her eyes narrowing, "if you put all the people you know in it, with disguised names, of course. Just think how flattered they'd be, waking up some fine morning and finding all their double lives exposed. I've noticed of late how absolutely desolate and lifeless all the people I know are. Why, it would be just the thing to put life in them. People could have parties and give prizes to those who guessed correctly."

But this idea cast a shadow over Forrester's fine face. "That," he said, "has been done so often that everybody would simply die of fatigue at the very mention of it."

After that they called for more sandwiches and contemplated each other as refined conspirators might.

That evening Tennyson Aldrich dropped in to see Mrs. Beller; and amid some very intelligent talk as to the imperative need of revising the rules for backgammon, Mrs. Beller let drop the remark that she had seen Forrester that afternoon.

"Forrester?" said Tennyson. "That ass."

"Oh, but I assure you," said Mrs. Beller, "he is nothing of the sort. He is writing a novel."

"So much more the reason..." It must be stated that Tennyson himself had once written a novel; the fact that it was about big game shooting in the very depths of Africa herself, and the fact that he had never been there nor was likely to go, had militated quite unfortunately against that work.

"He is using the laboratory method," said Mrs. Beller sweetly, in an undertone, as if she were saying something that wasn't quite nice.

"Well, what under heaven is that?" asked Tennyson.

"That," said Mrs. Beller, "is the greatest thing since Joyce. He expects to revolutionize the future of the novel."

"If you want my candid opinion of Forrester," said Tennyson, spreading his shoulders, "he's a damned fool."

"My," exclaimed Mrs. Beller, "what a bitter young man you are. One would almost suspect you had been disappointed with life."

"So long as men like Forrester thrive," said Tennyson, "a man has a right to be disappointed with life."

"You dear boy," said Mrs. Beller, who never

believed in losing a chance. "You dear, dear boy."

The next morning, having got rid of Tennyson, Mrs. Beller wrote a jubilant note to Forrester and had it sent around to him:

"My dear (she wrote) the best thing conceivable has happened. You can't possibly imagine how our little plot has been advanced during the night. Who should come in last night but Tennyson Aldrich, who you possibly remember. I let drop a hint about your novel which Tennyson thinks is not only projected but partially written. Don't become nervous, my dear. Tennyson is just the man for us. Every Christ needs a Judas and you may be sure that Tenny won't betray you. You know, you and Tenny have never got on... well, my dear, he will spread some nasty propaganda against your novel. We shall thrive under it. The more Tenny says, the more crucified you will seem. Why, it's the cheapest publicity conceivable. Tennyson is God's idea of the perfect publicity agent. Ta-ta and come around when you get a chance."

Under this letter Forrester produced some very real and very unaristocratic sweat. He was in an agony. It was much the same feeling a boy has on receiving a letter from the girl he loves: she loves me, she loves me not; she's helping me, she's laughing at me. The first thing that gave him a jolt was her mention of "our little plot." There hadn't been any plot, had there? Or was she laughing at his dictum against plot in the novel and thought by this subterfuge to poke him in the ribs? And then that betrayal! Nothing could have been worse than to expose him to Tennyson Aldrich. It just happened that he and Tennyson had been born to hate each other. Oh, God, things were becoming very black indeed. On the other hand, he thought, there might be something in Mrs. Beller's publicity stunt. But, oh, so vulgar to mention publicity in the same breath with his projected novel.

His whole morning was spoiled: the poached egg was far too raw; the toast was not only burnt, it was cold; the coffee was an acid concoction of the devil. The sunshine was sheer mockery. And the birds in the park, instead of twittering on the ground as all self-respecting birds should, perched directly overhead in the trees. It was terrible. Why was he born? or being born, why on earth conceive of such a silly idea as writing a novel?

But he had tea with Mrs. Beller. He knew he shouldn't go; he knew he was being attracted to the very thing that was going to destroy him, but he couldn't resist.

"I hate tea," he said.

"But darling, what on earth would we do without tea?"

"I want to get out and rough it and forget tea and novels."

Mrs. Beller lay back and laughed. Forrester knew from that moment on that womanly sympathy is a myth. "Imagine you roughing it," she exclaimed gasping. "Why, it's ludicrous."

"You needn't try to be funny," said Forrester. "I don't see anything funny about it at all."

"Why, darling," said Mrs. Beller, "what would you do if you saw a bear coming at you?"

"Oh," he said weakly, "I daresay I'd do as well as anybody else."

"For the bear's lunch, yes," said Mrs. Beller triumphantly. "Come," she went on, "take his tea and scone. There, put his hand out and take his cup."

Damn the woman! Damn her! Damn her! He put out his hand and took the cup.

"Now," said Mrs. Beller, "forget all this nonsense about wandering around the country like a lunatic, and remember you're writing the world's greatest novel."

During the ensuing month it gradually seeped into Forrester's head that he would either have to write the novel or commit suicide. He wouldn't be able to face Mrs. Beller and all the people Tennyson would talk to, if he didn't. For one thing he was thankful: he had said at the very beginning that it would be a life's work; so no one could very well expect him to turn out a full-fledged novel this month or the next or indeed within several years. He could go on putting it off forever. But how? That was the terrible question.

It worried him for some time. But one day his subconscious mind solved it for him just as he stepped into the shower. It was a miracle, and so simple that he wondered he hadn't thought of it before. Why, he could write a very profound novel, in which minute and complex analysis would be made of all the characters. Not only that; he would write it in an individual style, which would take simply ages to figure out. Thus he would, so far as the world was concerned, be forever rewriting the thing, going over passage after passage. The world might be expected to wait and be properly impressed by such industry.

The falsity of human nature became more and more apparent to Forrester as time went on. He

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Betsy Bobbitt

By FRANCES E. BENHAM

BETSY BOBBIT lay stretched out on the floor of the dining room, a little heap of wiry black fur, her ridiculously short hind legs projecting at right angles behind her. Methodically she chewed at her carpet slipper, a dilapidated affair of pink felt, from which the pom-pom had long since been eaten. But her actions lacked their usual exuberance—indeed the process of chewing seemed even a trifle absent-minded.

The door leading into the kitchen swung open, letting in an aroma of coffee and frying bacon, and a voice announced, "Breakfast is ready."

Hastily, Betsy Bobbitt abandoned all pretense of chewing on her slipper. Casually and quietly, she curled herself up in the patch of shadow cast by the linen chest. There was a bustle of movement and a scraping of chairs as the family gathered and seated themselves about the breakfast table. Betsy Bobbitt laid her nose down on her paws and closed her eyes. About her there was an almost visible aura of sweet and innocent repose. Surely no one would have the heart to disturb the slumbers of one so quiet and unobtrusive.

The family was seated now, and the coffee about to be poured. This time they would certainly overlook her presence. Cautiously she half opened one beady black eye, then closed it hastily again as she observed that the gaze of the entire family was focused upon her.

"Betsy!"

It was no use. Betsy Bobbitt sat up and looked at them. Her whiskers dropped dejectedly, and every line of her small body expressed hurt surprise and reproach. But the voice continued adamant, and Betsy Bobbitt knew when she was beaten. Slowly she turned and ambled into the other room, lying down with her nose projecting just a fraction of an inch over the border line between living and dining room.

After an interminable length of time the family finished eating. Betsy Bobbitt had long since had her own breakfast as was evidenced by a comfortable plumpness about her middle. At the first backward scrape of a chair, she rose and rejoined the family, her stubby tail achieving a remarkable speed in its gyrations, resembling somewhat the propeller of a toy airplane, and giving the effect of propelling its owner forward by means of its own circular motion.

She came to rest beneath the chair of the only member of the family who ever disregarded discipline long enough to slip her a surreptitious crumb under the table. Gratefully, she licked up the fragment of buttered toast, continuing, long after it had disappeared, to lick the spot where it had been, until it almost seemed that the roses adorning the carpet were in grave danger of losing their identity. Then she rolled over on her back, all four paws in the air, her shoe-button eyes looking around at the family expectantly from under their overhanging fringe of wiry hair. The donor of the crumb reached down and began to rub her stomach, while Betsy Bobbitt wiggled with delight, waving her paws about and chewing enthusiastically at the hand that massaged her.

Someone opened the outer door and called her in a firm voice. Reluctantly, Betsy Bobbitt abandoned her pose and issued forth into the outer air. Hers was a most suspicious family.

There seemed to be nothing much to do. The neighbor's cat appeared for a moment, but as soon as she gave chase, the unobliging animal melted out of sight beneath the hedge, leaving her again unoccupied.

Turning around, she headed for the house. A loud clamor from the direction of the garage indicated that the man was about to back the car out into the driveway. From long force of habit, Betsy Bobbitt began to climb the porch steps. She was halfway up when it suddenly occurred to her that there was no member of the family in sight. Whereupon she half rolled, half bounced back down the steps.

She was sitting in the middle of the driveway, watching a fly buzz around her head and waiting for it to venture close enough so that she could snap at it with her sharp white teeth, when the car came around the corner. There was a sudden roar from the man. Betsy Bobbitt gave a shrill yelp, and the Ford dived into a flower bed, missing her by a bare two inches.

"Can't anybody ever keep that damn dog out from underfoot?"

Betsy Bobbitt fled in undignified haste to a refuge under the porch, where she watched from behind her whiskers until the car got under way again.

Presently she emerged, this time to make way across the garden. One of the neighbor's chickens was scratching about on the other side of the fence, and for a while she watched it hope-



Illustration by David M. Flax

fully. But the chicken had grown wary and refused to approach any closer, so she gave it up as a bad job.

Going around by way of the back porch, she collected a large rubber from a row of them beside the door and carried it along with her. Climbing the front porch steps, she laid it on the mat.

The porch was wet, and nice and slippery. Betsy Bobbitt found she could have a beautiful time racing around on it. And as she raced, she dragged with her the newspapers that someone had providentially left spread out in a line between the door and the steps. Behind her, the porch began to take on the appearance of what is known to painters as a stipple finish—an effect achieved by patting a surface all over with small round splotches set close together.

The front door opened and a head appeared. Betsy Bobbitt dropped the ragged newspaper she was trailing, and wiggled with delight. Rolling over on her back, she lifted her four paws in the air, and looked expectant. But no one rubbed her stomach. In grim silence she was carried around to the back of the house and deposited firmly on the ground, with an injunction to stay there.

She sat down, her whiskers dropping, obviously reflecting on an unjust world. But not for long. Voices approached from around the corner of the house. Some visitors were being shown the garden, and Betsy Bobbitt's tail began to move gently, increasing its speed to a frantic wiggle, as the three ladies came into sight. There was a babble of exclamatory voices.

"Oh, the dear little Scottie. Isn't he just too sweet?"

"Look at his funny little face!"

"My! How long have you had him?"

Betsy Bobbitt sat and basked until their attention was finally transferred to the garden. She waited a while, chewing on a large red dahlia, until she saw that no more attention was to be forthcoming. The ladies moved away in the direction of the iris bed, and Betsy Bobbitt, left to her own devices again, trotted off to the barn. The dahlia didn't taste particularly good, and she let it drop, leaving two of the red petals clinging rakishly to her whiskers.

Back of the barn there was a beautiful patch of thick underbrush, in which a field mouse, or even a rabbit might often be scared up. Busily she nosed her way here and there through the tangle of brush. High above, in the cloudless blue of the sky, a hawk dipped and swung low, attracted by the movement of the bushes. A large golden bumblebee droned from the heart of a yellowish daisy, and Betsy Bobbitt walked carefully around it. No rabbits appeared, and the only mouse she succeeded in routing out, disappeared down a hole that defied all her efforts to get to the bottom of it.

Presently she lifted her head and sniffed the air. Her nose had caught a distinct and delightfully odorous emanation from some spot close by. Inquiringly, she poked her nose into cracks and crannies in the earth, and among roots and stones. With a sudden little yip of excitement, she came upon her quarry, a small mound of brownish fur hidden in a patch of weeds. It didn't move, but she stalked it carefully anyway, before she gave a quick pounce and landed full upon it.

The ladies were having tea when Betsy Bobbitt strolled in a little later, and ate what was left of her find on the floor at their feet.

"Betsy!"

There ensued a painful lack of conversation. The guests laid down their teacups, and averted their gaze politely. But the cake on their plates remained uneaten. A quivering silence filled the room. It was broken at last by one of the ladies.

"I'm afraid we shall have to be going. We enjoyed seeing your garden so much. No, really I couldn't drink any more tea, thank you. Yes, indeed. Such a pleasant afternoon. Goodbye."

Betsy Bobbitt stood in the center of the room, feeling a trifle forlorn, while windows were slammed open, and the rabbit removed on a newspaper. She made no objection to its being taken away. Her stomach was feeling slightly unpleasant anyway, and food no longer held any attraction. For some reason, the family seemed displeased with her. There was a coolness in the atmosphere that told her it were better to remove herself to some more distant spot for the present.

She started toward the door, and stopped halfway. Her stomach was not behaving at all well. In fact it was behaving very badly. She looked from one to another of the family, but no one paid any attention to her. Somewhat diffidently, she advanced to the center of the room, and rolling over on her back, lifted her paws in the air. The shoe-button eyes in her whiskery face begged, but no one stooped to rub her stomach. She got to her feet and walked a little way, then lay down again. But her stomach continued to feel sad.

They were watching her now, suddenly anxious. "You don't suppose—, You know that rabbit had been dead an awfully long time. And there has been a lot of Tuleremia—"

"Our poor little Bobbitt!"

At the sound of her name, Betsy Bobbitt's tail moved. She rolled over on her back again, and this time they rubbed her stomach very gently, and someone brought her a spoon to lick. After a while her stomach felt better.

Dishes were being rattled in the kitchen, and Betsy Bobbitt took up her position beside the kitchen door. The clock chimed six times, and tires crunched on the gravel of the driveway outside. Betsy Bobbitt frisked to the front door to welcome the man, then back to her place.

Chairs were drawn up to the table, and the family sat down. Very quietly, Betsy Bobbitt moved in the direction of the linen chest.

"Betsy!"

Betsy Bobbitt's whiskers dropped, and she changed her course of direction resignedly. But her tail continued to wave. There was warmth in the voice, and a somewhat softer inflection than usual. She settled down with content. An electric light cord curled invitingly on the floor near her, and with one beady eye cocked in the direction of the family, she began to chew on it gently.

Sonnet

I like to think that if I'm ever old,
I shall be thinly white as is the air,
When snow has fallen through the heavy cold
And left unburdened lightness everywhere,
I'd like my life as cleanly stripped as trees,
Upon whose boughs no falling snow had lain,
That had no need of coverings like these
Inured alike to gentleness and pain.
For limbs unclad can better hear the sound
Of winter wind in passing on its way;
Things lost betimes can be the better found,
Before the waning of the winter day;
I should not want that fleshliness should bar
The things I'd lost when I had gone that far.

Lee Anna Embrey.

I Am Not Sure

(Continued from Page 3)

"Mustn't they!" I said. "And how long does Edwin stay in jail?"

"Until he pays up," said Josie. "Or he dies." Josie laughed.

"Or you die," I said. We both laughed. "That's funny," Josie said.

I am not going to lie about it. But I cannot be sure. All I know is that one moment she was standing before me laughing. The next moment, she wasn't there. Then I heard a splash from far off.

A few hours later, I was conscious of a man beside me, talking to me.

"What did you say?" I asked him.

"I said, 'Did you hear a scream?'"

"A scream!" I said. "Why, no, I heard no scream."

The Lady Laughed

(Continued from Page 4)

thought he knew a great deal about people; but he soon came to know that they lied a great deal more than they were given credit for.

One day he received a letter from an unknown individual who claimed to be a college professor, who asked him his candid opinion on the progress of the novel, saying that such an author as he, in the advance guard of the novel, should have something to say on the subject. He quietly destroyed the letter and tried to forget it, wondering all the while how on earth this unknown person had got wind of the experiment. Of course, with people like Mrs. Beller and Tennyson Aldrich in on the thing it was an absolute certainty that everybody in the upper strata would sooner or later come to hear of his novel. Then one day Angelina Christy, who had just gained a great deal of fame by writing a perfectly shocking piece of literature, called on him personally and demanded an interview. By dint of staying in the shower two hours he persuaded her that he wasn't at home at all. But life was becoming quite precarious indeed.

After that he disappeared for two months, during which time Mrs. Beller spread reports that the genius had gone into retirement in order to bring forth at last some portion of the great work.

When he finally came forth he had gone paler, but there was a gleam of discovery in his eye. "I have it," he said to Mrs. Beller, "at last I have it."

"Well, what on earth?"

"The idea."

Mrs. Beller, lying back with her fine eyes closed, permitted a thin smile to appear on her lips.

"You see," said Forrester, "there will be fifteen people in a room. I will take fifteen minutes out of their life and analyze their thoughts during that time. The novel will be twice as long as Ulysses."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Beller, without opening her eyes; and though she considered the idea a terrible let-down, she spread the information about her as she went her way. "My dear," she said, "the difficulties that Joyce courted were as nothing to this. Why, it's astounding, simply too astounding for words. But who will the people be?"

"Who knows," said Forrester, making a weak attempt at flippancy. "Who indeed?"

When Tennyson heard this latest development he exploded with a brace of Anglo-Saxonisms which so shocked Mrs. Beller's maid that she gave notice immediately and on the spot.

Thereafter Forrester wrote three pages which were duly shown to Mrs. Beller.

"Wonderful," she said, "and you may be absolutely sure that nobody will be able to understand a word of it. Which is always a consideration."

The first sentence, as Forrester pointed out with pride, contained no less than seven hundred and thirty-six words.

"Positively Proustian," exclaimed Mrs. Beller, "and you're in luck, too, for Proust can't possibly retaliate with a longer one."

"Things are working just as expected," she went on lightly. "Tenny is saying perfectly awful things and everybody with any sense is calling him a beast. The truth is never popular, you know."

"But . . ." protested Forrester.

"Oh, my dear," said the lady, lighting a cigarette, "we might as well admit, you and I, that there's simply nothing to all these reports. It's true that in my weaker moments I sometimes wonder if there really is a novel; but, of course, we, you and I, that is, know that there's nothing to it at all."

This shocked Forrester, for he could no longer tell the difference between the truth and the talking about it. He had come to such a point that he no longer doubted his novel.

"But there is a novel," he exclaimed. "And here are the first three pages."

"Of course, of course," admitted Mrs. Beller, "and as soon as you've written a few more we'll publish the first part in a limited edition at a high price."

On the strength of this Forrester went home and wrote nine more pages; and after going over them carefully to make sure that nothing was very clear, he carried them to Mrs. Beller and had her read them.

"Perfectly splendid," she said, "why, I don't begin to understand it, do you?"

And Forrester had to admit that within a month's time he would not be able to interpret a word of it.

"But don't let that bother you," said the lady. "Leave it to the professors. Somebody's sure to write a book at least twice as long as yours explaining everything in detail. Why, it's perfectly glorious. Ulysses will be forgotten. You'll have a regular coterie. Your house will be filled with worshippers who'll be glad to clean up for you. But you'd better be careful they don't take off anything valuable . . . oh, souvenirs, you know."

"But what," asked Forrester, "will I call the thing?"

"Oh, don't let that worry you," said Mrs. Beller. "Why I've already thought of that. We'll call it Indigo Red."

"Indigo Red?"

"Yes, of course. Why not?"

Forrester was nonplussed. Was the woman laughing at him. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Beller, making an airy gesture, "it doesn't have anything to do with it. That's the beauty of the thing."

"But," protested Forrester, "you know, my dear, that there isn't any such thing as Indigo Red."

Mrs. Beller laughed. "Of course," she said. "Anybody knows that. But who would have thought of calling a book that? That's what I want to know. Why, it's just a stroke of genius. If I do say so myself. Why, think of it," she went on, "just thing of people being confronted by a title like that, hundreds of them, and every one of them wondering what it's about. Indigo Red."

"But it reminds me of Indians," said Forrester.

"Indians? Why on earth Indians? Nobody thinks of Indians any more. They're simply passe."

But Forrester wasn't to be appeased. "That Indigo sounds vaguely like Injun Red," he protested.

"Fish," said Mrs. Beller. "Who ever heard of such a thing. Injun, indeed. Why, if your mind makes connections like that you ought to be psychéd."

"Well . . ." said Forrester.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Mrs. Beller. "any author'd be delighted to have a title with the merits that title has. Besides it has the advantage of attracting attention without giving the story away. Why, a book called Indigo Red might be about almost anything you can think of."

"Also," said Forrester, becoming angry, "it might be about nothing, which it is. And that, dear lady, is too close home."

A month later the first part of Indigo Red appeared in a little paper book edition, strictly limited to three hundred copies with ninety-nine of them signed by the author. There had been some discussion as to what the color of the binding was to be; for everybody said that there wasn't any such color as indigo red, and to publish a book with such a title in yellow wrappers would be to court disaster. Many an hour was spent on this dilemma, and many a headache incurred. Finally somebody suggested having a particular wrapper: part red, part indigo. In sheer desperation, Forrester grasped at this suggestion. And so it was.

After this, Forrester had thought, things would calm down, the curiosity of the elite and the intelligentsia would be appeased. But it wasn't to be. Hundreds moved upon him. He received on an average of fifty letters a day, for a while. Articles appeared. Every reviewer who considered himself a reviewer took it upon himself to write a profound and searching commentary. Somebody discovered that the title Indigo Red had a deep, metaphysical significance, but encountered great difficulty in making plain just what that significance was. Pages were written on that subject alone.

Then suddenly the bottom fell out of the thing. The matter was hushed up as quickly and quietly as possible, but the evidence was almost completely damning. Some psychologist, alias a literary critic, made the momentous discovery that the characters' thoughts weren't at all natural. Not, it is to be understood, that he wanted them to be natural. Not at all. But he wanted them to be life-like. "Why," said this personage to Forrester, "anybody would think your characters were good creatures in Utopia. Why, they're positively nappy-pamby. Do you realize, young man, that there isn't a single human being on the face of the globe whose mind isn't every minute of his life one terrible mass of evil thoughts? Do you realize the true significance of this? Why, you have fifteen people in a room and so far as I am able to discover there's not an evil thought among them. Is that right? Is it fair to your readers? They have a right to know what life is like, haven't they? And when Forrester, quailing, gone nervous all over, tried to protest, the critic leapt again to the attack: "None of your pure people for me. It's all bosh, if you'll pardon the expression. People are no better than their complexes, and let me tell you, young man, there's not a single one of us in this room or elsewhere that doesn't have 'em. Complexes are everywhere. The purest virgin on earth is a seething mass of evil thoughts."

After this tirade Forrester spent several days in seclusion. He was utterly crushed. He had been found out. He wrote a note to Mrs. Beller in which he declared that all that life held was gone, that only death was before him. It was all very tragic indeed; the great genius was going to his death; life was too hard. To which Mrs. Beller wrote:

"Fish and nonsense. All you've got to do is brush up on your Freud and you'll be all right."

Upon receiving this Forrester decided that Freud was preferable to death and betook him-

self to the public library where he spent several hours with a notebook, in the process of giving his characters complexes. Some of the books (most of them in fact) could not be procured at any public library under the sun; so he had to buy them. Finally having digested this, he looked into the bottom of his book case and brought out a much be-dusted Kraft-Ebing, which he re-read. But this was only a further complication. It wasn't possible that fifteen people in one room could have everything wrong with them. The line had to be drawn somewhere; there must be some selection made. But where to begin?

He asked Mrs. Beller. She wrote back:

"Come over and we'll spend a pleasant afternoon in the garden, picking complexes." She prided herself on her ability to select a best-seller.

With cold, merciless science they pawed over the complexes. Finding a new one became a game. It was all too delightful.

Finally Forrester went home and wrote fifty pages of the magnum opus. Then after dinner he wrote fifty more. He was really in a creative mood. Then he decided to stop and publish part two of Indigo Red, hoping that nobody would notice how depraved the characters became on page thirteen. Then he rested two days; called up an agency and hired a stenographer, because, as he said to himself: "I couldn't possibly type a hundred pages."

Unfortunately he hadn't counted on the stenographer. He had never once thought what might happen when he should try to dictate to her the various mental processes of his characters.

Miss Genevieve Jones was smart and twenty-five, but she hadn't counted on him either; so the time between the blush and the departure was scarcely calculable.

He followed her to the door, pleading with her to stay; but she jammed on her hat and went out of the front door, almost falling into the charwoman's pail. Forrester stood behind the door and listened.

"Good morning, Miss," said the charwoman. Then breaking off suddenly, she exclaimed: "Well, what on earth?"

"Oh, it's a fine morning," said Genevieve, "and a fine gentleman, too."

"Oh, him," said the charwoman, making a face. "Him's a famous author, ain't he?"

"Famous nothing," said Genevieve. "He's a dirty swine, that's what he is . . . only if I told you what he really is they'd run me in."

"Why, what's he done to you?" asked the charwoman, squaring her shoulders, "cause if he's—"

"Oh, he didn't get to that, I'll bet you," said Genevieve, "but if you'd heard the things he suggested to me . . . if you'd heard the things he wanted me to do and here in broad daylight, too, why, it'd turn your blood cold, the dirty swine."

"And him," said the charwoman, "a-livin' here in this fine house, too. Just to think of it . . . tsk . . . tsk . . ."

Forrester heard no more. He had never been so completely crushed in his life. How was he to know that Miss Genevieve Jones would object to the magnum opus being read in her presence? She was a stenographer, wasn't she? Or was Indigo Red really as vile as she said it was?

A week later he finished typing the hundred pages of part two, which was duly sent off and published. This second part was limited to six hundred copies with one hundred and ninety-eight signed by the author.

"It's wonderful, it's really wonderful," said Mrs. Beller. "The way Tenny has served in our cause. I really think he ought to be rewarded in some way. Why, he's found more nasty things to say about that one hundred and twelve pages of Indigo Red than all the reviewers have been able to say about all the books in several seasons."

"It's these complexes that are worrying me," said Forrester. "If we're not careful we'll have the book censored."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Beller. "All the better, all the better. Just the one thing to assure a wide reading."

"All the same, what's really worrying me," Forrester went on, "is that I won't be able to go on."

This shocked Mrs. Beller. "Why?" she protested. "Why not?"

Forrester was abashed. "Well," he admitted, "I simply can't think of what to say next . . ."

The lady laughed. "In time," she exclaimed. "Oh, just take your time."

"But the publisher," he said, "expects part three in three months time."

She smiled at him. "Oh, you'll be able to turn out something."

But this wasn't very encouraging; for, to tell the truth, Forrester knew within himself that he had no more to say; that, as a matter of fact, he had never had anything to say; and now he had said it. He consoled himself and tried to forget by reading the reviews of the book. Some of them were not at all complimentary; they hinted that the government should take action; that such a mass of filth should be destroyed. Others, more advanced, said the thing was superb. The general run of reviewers admitted they couldn't

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A Liberal Education

IN these days of social uncertainty we hear a good deal about American education being on trial. In my opinion it is truer to say that you, the American undergraduate, enjoy today a privilege, and with it a graver responsibility, than perhaps ever before. In a society in which other people are forced to meet serious and perplexing problems, you are still allowed four years of comparative shelter, and given the right to face the serious questions of life only if you freely choose to do so. It is both your privilege and responsibility to be able to choose between worthwhile and worthless interests. You are encouraged to choose the former by fond parents and indulgent instructors, but, in the last analysis, you, yourself, are the chief judge of your use or misuse of your time. What are you going to choose during these few brief years when you still have the right to choose? The answer that you give to this question is awaited with interest by a jury, not of parents and instructors, who are sympathetic whatever be your choice, but of a cold-blooded outside world, before which you, the undergraduate, are on trial.

How, you ask, can I make my university years more worthwhile? In answer to this question, my appeal is to you as an individual, and not to you as a group. Leaving the question quite open, how much you can benefit in the university from such things as classes, courses, sports, fraternities and sororities, and outside activities; things designed, in my opinion, more or less for the group; leaving this question open, let us ask another, more personal question. What is it that the university has for you as an individual? To this question I wish to suggest two answers. In the first place, it offers you a chance to investigate, with open-eyed curiosity, some particular problem in some field of knowledge long and thoroughly enough to begin to feel that you are discovering something. It doesn't matter particularly how unimportant your discovery is. Its significance for you is not its significance in the eyes of the world. In brief, you ought to have done a bit of research, however small, before you leave college. The beneficial effects of this are great and many. In a small way, it enables you to stand for something in your investigation of other fields and in your conversations with other students. It gives you a hitching-post for new problems and ideas. It gives you a point of view. It doesn't matter if this point of view is so faulty that you are sooner or later forced to reject it. To be some kind of an "ist" and believe in some kind of an "ism," as early in student life as possible, is the best thing.

One of the present-day criticisms of education is, however, that it has been too interested in specialized research, and not enough interested in the more liberal or cultural development of students. I do not propose here to defend research against this charge; or even to claim that at some universities the educational welfare of the majority of the students is not overlooked, because of a special emphasis upon the research of the few. Such problems of university policy are concerned, it seems to me, more with the group. An individual student, while interested in them from the point of view of educational theory, can, from the point of view of his own education, safely ignore them. To you as an individual student, my belief in a bit of research applies. Whatever other values you may find at the university, the value of an investigation, at some length, of some research project is desirable. Such a piece of work, far from conflicting with other interests, reinforces them, and gives them more meaning. Being a bit of a scientist will make you more cultivated; a glimpse of the humanities will deepen your science. If every present-day critic of research could experience, however briefly, the adventure of approaching, as a free citizen, the confines of the unknown, which President Marvin so aptly calls the "twilight zone" of knowledge, his outlook on research would alter radically. The whole long and short of the matter is that it is fun.

What is it that the university has for you as an individual? The first answer that I have suggested is that it offers you a chance to make a bit of research worker out of yourself, whatever be your situation in life and your plans for the future. And it is my belief that this is something valuable for any one. Secondly, the university offers you a chance to get that strange, intangible, much-debated something, a liberal education. Precisely what this is, I do not propose to determine here. Like the translation of many ideas from life into words, an exact description seems an endless task. Yet it is clear that some things are not meant by a liberal education. A liberal education is not a preparation for success in busi-

By CHRISTOPHER GARNETT, JR.

ness; it is not a stepping-stone to the professions; it is not a social necessity; it is not a research project; it is not the partial absorption and vomiting of facts on examinations; it is not adaptation to environment; and yet, in some way, it is, for good or for bad, related to all of these ideas. What is this strange coat of many colors, and how is it to be obtained, if no one knows precisely what it is? I am more certain of the way to try to obtain a liberal education than I am of what it would be, if obtained. Its source is, in my opinion, twofold: people and books. Intelligent conversation with people; a critical estimation of their opinions, character, and outlook; a sympathetic attempt to appreciate their worth; a keen-eyed observation of them without giving them the impression that they are the "patient" or "specimen"; an interest in their problems: these seem to me to be essential to a liberal education. I do not wish to minimize the importance of the study of natural phenomena in a liberal education. It seems to me that any attempt to study man today, without an interest in natural science, commits the fatal, proverbial mistake of the ostrich that puts its head under a stone. Pre-supposing a supplementary interest in and study of the natural sciences, it seems to me, nevertheless, the man is the chief object of interest to the person desiring a liberal education. Such a student considers man and his place in the universe, and not the universe, as such.

Besides people, the other source of a liberal education is books. What is a book? A book is a form of expression, usually written, by some person in some age and place, who has, for a while, been trying to educate himself, which reflects the results of that attempt and partial failure. Hence, we may look upon the writers of books as younger or older students removed from us, more or less, in space and time, but expressing, an outlook and problems not, for our purposes, fundamentally different from those of a fellow undergraduate, Bill, who is trying to educate himself in 1933 in Washington. This is what I mean by a book. It is not a mass of dead printed matter, far removed from the world of living feelings and problems, but an expression of precisely those feeling and problems which men and women have seen to be important enough to think about and carefully formulate. On whatever front truth is being fought for, in science or in the humanities, the written word is in the battle, leading the charge. It is true, as

Lord Bacon remarked, that words hinder truth, and this fact must be kept in mind in choosing your books. But truth, when formulated, is worded truth, and a book is its highest expression.

I am so tired of books, some of you say, and the movies are so near, and the "collegiate" atmosphere so pleasant. What you mean is that you are tired of "printed matter"; of a book, as I have described it, you could no more be tired than of your friend, Bill. And are the movies so near? Are they so permanently stimulating? All of us have questioned "collegiate" values. We are not, in my opinion, half so enthusiastic in our praise of these things, as we try to convince ourselves and others that we are. I believe in the American undergraduate; and I believe he is going to work out a sane outlook towards jazz, automobiles, movies, and football games. They are all too new to him and to his parents for a clear perspective to be got yet. It is better to be enthusiastic about these things in early years. No, I don't think you are tired of books. Of this I shall not try to convince you; but what I cannot do, time can.

There are, then, two sources from which a liberal education may be expected: books and people. It is between these two that I think you ought to apportion your university time. Divide your time between other people who are trying to educate themselves (whatever their nationality, race, sex, or creed) and the books of such people. Worry such people to death with your curious questioning and unending search for what they have found. Get them into a corner and talk them to death; fill your margins with healthy combative remarks. Carry a book on the train with you in vacation; keep its ideas with you in your waking hours. Be intolerant of shallowness. Make it out-of-date to discuss only campus trivialities in the fraternity house. Break down that barrier between campus and class room, between play and work. Be among the first to make that change in outlook which is occurring among American students. I am not speaking here to you, John Smith, who already reads with pleasure, but to you, Jim Jones, with your funny little automobile and collegiate swagger. The very enthusiasm that you now feel in other ways, will take you farther in education than you at present dream. We are living in a most thought-provoking and action-provoking age. You are fortunate enough to be an undergraduate at such a time. What are you going to do about it?

A Suggestion

By NOEL RAMSEY

SOME weeks ago, the editor of this little journal approached me and asked that I make a few suggestions concerning the present state of dramatics at George Washington University. At first it seemed that the idea was to try and decipher the small percentage of this activity at the school, but that would be taken as an attack upon the two organizations now spasmodically functioning.

The present condition as it stands is this: There are two troupes of players at the college. The first concentrates upon a musical comedy presentation that comes once each year. When this task is over, the producers and promoters go into a huddle and begin thinking about the next production to appear a year hence. In the meantime, the cast, stage hands, chorus, in fact nearly everyone scatters, some continuing their histrionic spasms with the sole dramatic club's spring play. Of the other, the Cue and Curtain Club, they appear twice a year, once the first semester and once the second, with perhaps a few one-act plays thrown in during the interim.

Now the problem is just where does the trouble come in? I have admitted that dramatically, the University bursts forth three times in the course of the school year, and the merits of these appearances I leave to those who attend the productions, but, alas and alack! where are these plays presented? This is the genuine rub. The University does not possess a theatre of its own. Here is one building that is most essential for any modern school, yet George Washington University cannot boast of such a convenience.

My opponents will immediately say that we need other things more. This may or may not be true, but the fact still remains that without a theatre, dramatics cannot prosper to the fullest and most practical extent. This is perhaps a bit strong, but experience has taught the author of the severe truth of this statement. To elaborate a bit, students do not care to make long treks to the only available theatres for the University

plays, nor do the local gentry care to travel very great distances. Second, all scenery must be built, painted and then carted to these theatres, entailing hardship and difficulties that do not tend to interest those students who find dramatics a pleasing, in fact, inviting activity. Last but not least, the actual technical work, because of cramped quarters, falls upon a few faithful people who are always reliable and who usually do more than their share without receiving much credit.

I am not very familiar with the management of the Troubadours and shall consider that one musical comedy is quite sufficient for the University. Dramatics and the Cue and Curtain Club is the real subject of this brief discourse.

From the contacts that I have had with this organization, I noticed one major fault. Just where to place the blame is a problem, as I believe that Miss Constance Brown is quite aware of this weakness and has perhaps made some effort to remedy it. It is the complete lack of an organized technical staff. By that I merely mean, a group of students whose sole duty in the production should be the building, painting, and handling of the scenery, the operation of all the lighting effects, costuming, and last, the management of properties.

Last year, when the company presented the "Contrast," several of the leading players in the drama were forced, because of lack of help, to build and paint the scenery. This seems hardly fair because after having learned pages of script rehearsals to the wee hours, and sacrificed what little spare time they had, they should not have had to paint scenery for their own play. It is true that they wanted to do this, but there was a repetition of the same thing. Matters were worse, for those who worked upon this play were given a small room somewhat on G street and told that it was to be the workshop. The size of the quarters was enough to discourage even the most ambitious of the helpers. What the situa-

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And The Lady Laughed

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understand it; but what they did understand was vile.

Altogether it was not particularly encouraging. And the more his house was overrun the more depressed Forrester became. It seemed that he couldn't turn without stumbling over a worshipper. And besides, some of the worshippers were fanatically devoted. Several of them took valuable souvenirs home with them when they went for the night. He received letters from various and sundry ministers and deacons, calling him all manner of names from son of the devil to seducer of the public morals. These were the few bright spots in an otherwise black life. And there were letters from silly female admirers, calling him master and declaring that their advanced souls throbbed in unison with his. Then, as time passed, he became more and more certain that he would never be able to write another word. He would take up his pen and put it down. He would often walk in the park; but he never seemed to be able to put his mind to it any more. Before this he had been able to enjoy a postprandial jaunt in the garden; but now that was impossible. Once he would have turned to Mrs. Beller for comfort; but he had lost faith in her. Besides it was so beautifully difficult to tell whether she was laughing at him or not. He would take up paper to write to her; and once he even thought of phoning, but he gave that up. Meanwhile time passed.

He never told his worshippers that all was over with him and them. So far as the world was concerned, part three of Indigo Red was in process of gestation. But when the date of publication approached, Forrester became frantic. He decided that his delicate soul would not be able to face failure. And he knew that he would not go on. He spent hours pacing himself, and pacing himself for his own benefit.

On the afternoon of the last day he wrote a note to Mrs. Beller:

"My dear, I simply can't go on. Tomorrow I must present the publisher with part three. And I haven't written a word. I could delay, and ask for time, but what good would that do? I shall never be able to finish it. What must I do?"

When Mrs. Beller received Forrester's note, Tennyson was present.

"There are some things," she said, "that are amusing, and some that are not. This is one that isn't. Really, Tenny, my love, it's most inconsiderate of him to get like that now, isn't it?"

Tennyson was annoyed. "I always said he was a damned fool and an ass."

Mrs. Beller smiled. "Of course he is," she said, "and he's been an amusing poseur, too, but now I'm afraid he's taking himself a little too seriously. Forrester was born for farce, but now he's trying to put his mask on upside down. Oh . . . he's a fool, and you, dear boy, how absolutely right you are. But isn't it rather pointless to say so now?"

"It serves him right," said Tennyson.

"Yes," she answered, "I suppose it does. But it's been amusing while it lasted. Fancy, Tenny, he will be read about in schools some day. If any thing can be more deplorably dull than that I'd like to know what it is."

"Where did he get all those crazy ideas?" asked Tennyson.

She smiled. "From Freud, my dear. And the title was mine. But the idea of elimination was his very own."

That evening before they left for the opera the telephone rang.

"Don't answer it," she said. "My dear Tenny, do for once what I ask you. It would be simply too much if I didn't hear Pelleas."

But Tennyson didn't obey. She heard him talking for quite a while before he came to her. When he came his face was covered with amused contempt.

"Don't tell me . . ." she said.

Tennyson nodded. "It's all off."

"You mean . . ."

"My dear," he said, "I mean that the opera will not be dazzled by our presence this evening. There's been a fortunate accident, most fortunate, I might say."

"But what on earth . . ."

"Your precious Forrester . . . well, to tell the truth, somebody heard a disturbance, one of his silly worshippers, I fancy. They opened the door

and there he was. It seems there can't be any doubt he did it himself."

"But how?"

Tennyson lighted a cigarette. "Oh, it was found. The revolver, that is."

For half a moment she sat poised uttering not one single movement, then a thin smile came across her face. "So positively Roman of him," she said, "though I doubt a Roman would have been so inconsiderate. I suppose the police will be overrunning the house any minute asking their stupid questions." Then suddenly she looked up. "Do you know," she said, as an afterthought, "it's just seeped into my head that all this has infinite possibilities. I can't think why it didn't strike me at first. Do you suppose, Tenny, darling, we could persuade the police it wasn't suicide. It might be awfully amusing, don't you think?"

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Waiting For A Bus

By LEON BETENSKY

The Patient Lady:

I was busy driving away the flies. She sat down on the bench approximately one seat removed from me and pushed a suit case under it flat side down. She seemed to be worried. Giving me a stick of gum, she began to talk.

It appeared that she was from Detroit and her husband, a traveling man, was in Chicago at the moment. "He called me up at 4 this morning and told me to come over."

He was then so drunk that she hardly understood him. But she had gathered that she was to wait for him in the bus depot.

"I've been here six hours. But I know how long it takes my husband to sober up." She said this apologetically, reluctantly.

"Do you know where he stays?"

"He didn't tell me."

She concentrated on the gum and I attended to the flies. Finally, as though to erase a bad impression, she added: "He always shows up, but you can never tell when. He's so irregular."

An announcer called out a string of cities and there was a scraping of suit cases and a scramble of porters. A man came in from the street and made for the telephone booth. My neighbor began a gesture of greeting. The man was not looking her way. Her smile died. She picked up her case and walked over to the booth.

The Girl:

A girl was making regular trips in and out of the building. She walked into the restaurant from the street, through it and across the waiting room, and out by the street door.

The Porter:

For frightened old ladies and for people with a lot of luggage, a porter is a blessing. But he is not an unmixed blessing. It depends entirely on when he is engaged. If he is retained some time before the bus is due, he is tardy in helping when the bus pulls in. First he will run around and pick up loose passengers. Then he will come to his client.

A Suggestion

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tion was for their spring presentation, I can not tell.

What I am driving at is this. There is apparently little or no cooperation among the members. In fact, there seems to be little organization. The company, as with most amateur groups, is composed of actors, people who seek a certain momentary glory only to be forgotten. The real thrill in play production is not the acting, but the work of setting, lighting, and costuming the play. Here is where the creative and artistic efforts grow into a finished thing. Plays that are poorly set, badly lighted and inappropriately costumed cannot be well acted. I mean by that that actors must have a background to play before and those who make this background are the ones who really have the fun.

As I said earlier, in past plays, the actors were required to do this as well as play. Now the spirit that inspires the actors to both paint and act, should encourage more students to get behind the dramatic organizations at George Washington University. As a school, we are far behind other universities in the number of plays presented each year, and while the lack of a theatre on the campus is a handicap, it does not mean that drama must die in the college.

There is a remedy, and that is the organization of a University Little Theatre. At once, I hear a protest that we have two dramatic companies, what is the matter with them—now wait a minute—by organized I mean just that. The company must be more than a dramatic club banded together for the common interest in drama. Now, something about the sort of group I have in mind. First, there must be a director. George Washington University is particularly fortunate in having Miss Constance Brown in that capacity. She has trained in the theatre at Cornell School of the Theatre, on the professional stage as well as working under Max Reinhardt in Berlin. Her background as well as her ability as a clearly expressed in the three plays she has directed for the students make her a director under whom students should and do like to work.

Next the acting companies. There should be two of these. The first should constitute these students who are usually cast in the principal roles. Membership in the first company should by all means be restricted to merit and not influenced. Every member of the club should aspire to membership in the first acting company; but this little select group shall be no means become "snooty" because of their distinction. As for the second acting company, they should be those members of the organization whose primary interest was acting, but who for reasons of experi-

ence or special ability were not eligible for the first company. At tryouts they should be given an equal chance with the more experienced players, and at all times encouraged.

The technical staff is probably the most important single item that I shall list. It is the duty of the members of this branch to design, build, and paint the set, arrange for properties, lights, effects and costumes as well as taking complete charge of the stage at the production. Now the natural thing to do is to subdivide these various things into sub-departments. The construction and painting of the scenery is the major part. The man or woman directly in charge of this work should be chief of staff and stage manager. Each of the other divisions of work need have only one person in charge, assisted by all members not engaged in acting in the play.

Earlier in this little essay I went into rhapsodies over the pleasure to be derived from the technical work. Let me repeat, the real creation in play productions is not a matter of learning dozens of pages of script, but in the setting of the play. With a School of Fine Arts connected with the University, I should say that students interested in costume design and scenery painting would find a great amount of pleasure in working with the dramatic club for two reasons, first the practical experience, and second the thrill of seeing your own work become real and not a mere sketch upon a sheet of paper.

I have omitted two groups from any catalogue that may or may not be used. First in the business staff. This particular division would have complete charge of financing ticket sale and company management. The other is a play-reading committee. Of this last, I recognize the danger of allowing students to read and select the presentations for the club. Many times what seems to be an ideal play will present problems that the average student theatrical troupe cannot easily solve. It may be a matter of cost of production, or casting, or even setting. The first and the last of these three are the usual difficulties. For unless the members are experienced beyond what we usually find in most schools, these problems cannot be side-stepped or solved.

Now, since the whole project is outlined and a few suggestions have been made to put dramatics on a firm basis in this University, I shall retire and await protests and criticisms in the seclusion of my private hideaway. I am wholeheartedly behind any attempt on the part of the Cue and Curtain Club to expand, but because of my present situation in the college, as well as private activities shall have to restrict my support to a very limited and feeble attempt to aid in this move.

Spring

The cherry trees are wrapped in misty bloom,
And petals float upon the blue grey water—

Big features, sallow skin, and grassy hair,
She pulls the blossoms down around her face
Coquettishly, but not with any grace,
And has her picture taken standing there.

The wind is dancing through the cherry blossoms
Sending them spraying out across the path.

ELLEN ANDERSON.